

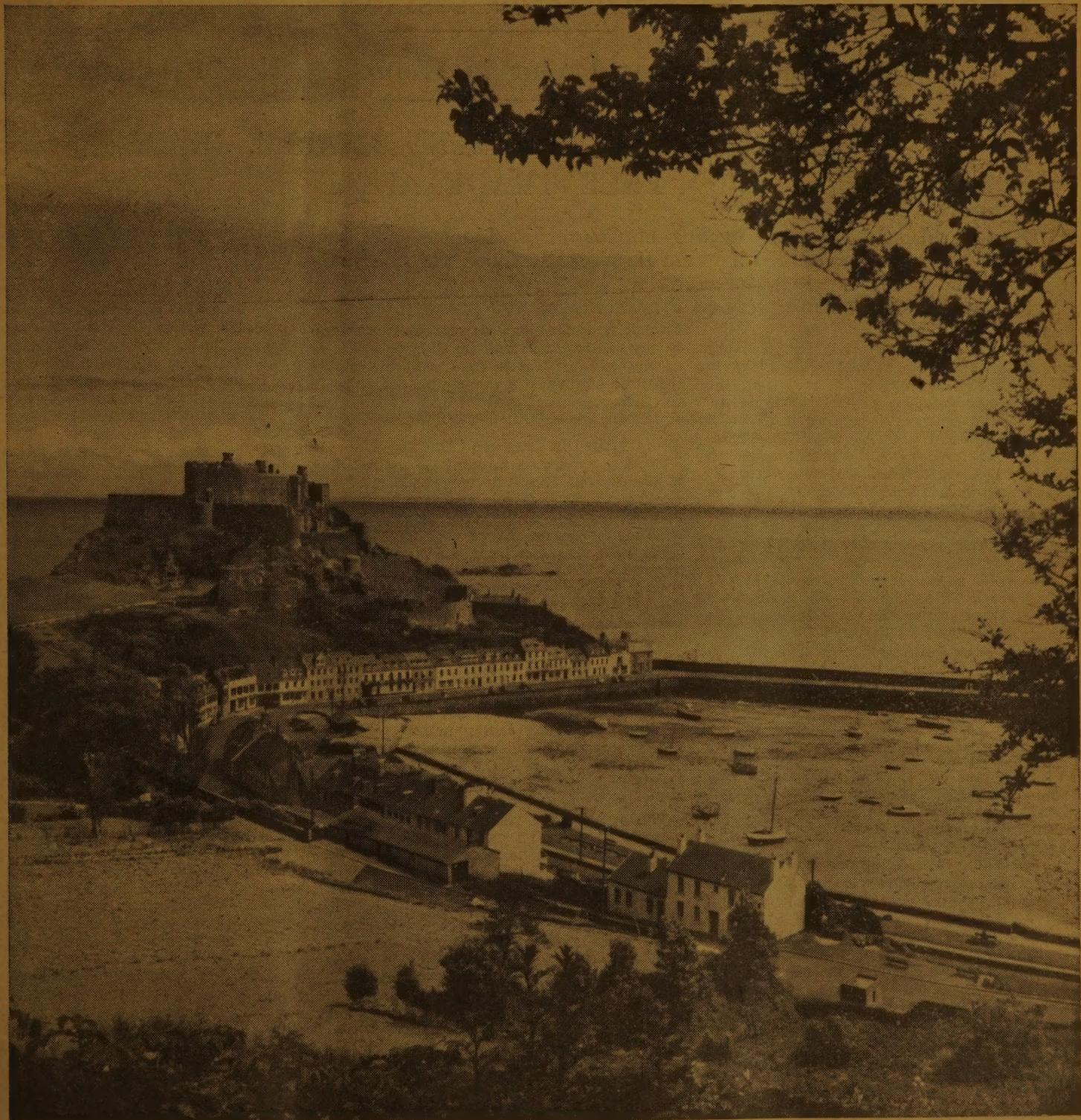
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Jersey: Mount Orgueil castle with the little port of Gorey in the foreground. H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Channel Islands on July 25-27

In this number:

- A Time for Greatness (Lord Chandos)
- The Attempt on K.2 (H. R. A. Streather)
- From Wordsworth to Yeats (Peter Ure)

COURTAULDS, LIMITED

Acquisition of British Celanese Limited

EFFECT OF INFLATION ON COSTS OF PRODUCTION

Importance of Time Factor in Launching New Products

FUTURE POLICY TO MEET CHALLENGE IN FREE TRADE AREA

THE 44th Annual General Meeting of Courtaulds, Limited, was held on July 17, in the Hall of the Chartered Insurance Institute, 20, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2.

Sir John Hanbury-Williams, C.V.O., the Chairman, who presided, said:—

LADIES and Gentlemen,

Before proceeding with the ordinary business of the Meeting, I will review the main aspects of the Company's affairs during the past year and give you a short survey of the general trend of trade since the end of March last. In addition, I will deal with the acquisition by your Company of the shares in British Celanese Limited, and the problems which the British man-made fibres industry may have to face as and when the Common Market and Free Trade Area become realities.

As has already been stated in the Directors' Report, there has been a fall of 17 per cent. in the Group balance from trading and investment income. This decline in profits has been brought about by the rising trend in costs, the falling off in demand in the industrial yarn section of your business due to the recession in the motor car industry in the earlier part of the year, and also the intense competition which we have had to meet both at home and abroad. In spite of these conditions, we are proposing to pay a final dividend on the Ordinary stock of 6 per cent. less tax, making in all 10 per cent. for the full year. I hope this will not disappoint you, bearing in mind that in 1954 a dividend of 11½ per cent. was paid on the Ordinary capital of the Company, which was then only £24,000,000.

I should like to take the occasion to repeat today what I have said previously, namely that we should husband our resources in order to ensure that all our plants and processes are up to date, and where necessary to expand our interests at home and abroad. You will, I am sure, appreciate that if this policy of retaining a part of our earnings in the business had not been followed out, we would in all probability already have been forced to raise fresh capital. As it is, the commitments of the Company at the end of March last amounted to just over £5,000,000 but our current plans for capital expenditure where contracts have not yet been placed are not included in this figure, and further sums of money will continue to be required. We intend to follow our practice of ploughing back profits as we believe this to be the right course, but in view of changing world conditions I cannot guarantee that the necessity to obtain fresh capital will not one day arise.

The Accounts already in your hands are fully explained in the Directors' Report, and

I think it unnecessary to call your attention to any particular items; the Balance Sheet as at the end of March 1958 will, of course, reflect the changes in the capital structure of the Company brought about by the acquisition of the shares in British Celanese Limited.

Difficult Trading Conditions

Trading conditions in our industry not only in the United Kingdom but in most of the world's markets during the last year have been difficult and at times perplexing. The one outstanding feature to which I have already made reference has been the continued rise in costs of production, and I refer again to this matter later on. Although we do our best to contain these increased costs in the selling price of our various manufactures, we nevertheless found it necessary in January last to raise the selling price of textile yarn by approximately 10 per cent. This is the first price increase of the kind which we have made for many years, and it is our belief that our practice in keeping selling prices stable has greatly benefited the commercial reputation of man-made fibres, the manufacturers of textile and industrial fabrics, and the public generally.

The demand for viscose rayon staple was maintained at a high level, and we have every confidence that the field for this versatile fibre will grow. In April last the factory which we have built at Grimsby came into operation; this plant is the most up to date in the world, and we are confident that after we have overcome the usual teething troubles that one finds with any new factory it will prove to be a sound investment. The first section of a plant for the large-scale production of "Courtelle"—our new acrylic fibre—is nearing completion, and we believe that this will find a ready market.

A most disappointing feature in the rayon trade during 1956 has been the continued fall in United Kingdom exports of filament and spun rayon piece goods. The decrease in this trade has been going on since 1950, and to a substantial extent the business has been captured by other countries—some of which have been in the habit of granting subsidies and giving other facilities which are not available to the British manufacturer. Whilst strenuous endeavours are being made to regain some of the lost ground, it is going to be exceedingly difficult to compete with subsidised exports, to

meet the competition of low-priced Japanese goods and to face the problem of import restrictions.

"Putting Over" a New Product

I do not think it necessary to call your attention to any other items in the Directors' Report, but I should like to say a word or two about our efforts to narrow the margin of time between the successful result of a particular piece of research work and the marketing of the final product. It is frequently said—and with some truth—that in some fields the Americans are ahead of the British, and that their methods of "putting over" a new product are better than ours. It may be that in the United Kingdom we are more conservative in our outlook and at times more cautious in our approach to the problems, but I believe it to be a matter of high importance to British industry and one which should receive the constant attention of management. In your Company there continues to be close collaboration between those responsible for Research, Production, and Merchandising; however, we believe that improvements can be made and although we have already taken action in certain directions we are nevertheless making a special study of this vital matter.

Trend of Current Trading

During the first three months of the current financial year our total turnover has increased both in volume and in value as compared with a similar period ending June 1956, but there is some falling off in profits due to increases in costs of production. This reduction in profits is to a large extent made good by an improvement in the results of some of our subsidiary and associated companies, but in current circumstances I am not in a position today to make any accurate forecast in regard to the profits for the remainder of the year. The demand for both industrial and textile yarns has been maintained at a higher level than in the corresponding quarter of 1956, and we are hopeful that this will continue. There is a slight falling off in the staple fibre business, but as I have already stated we are confident that the field for our "Fibro" will gradually be enlarged. British Celanese Limited have increased their turnover for the first three months of this financial year, but their profits also show a decline as compared with the corresponding period in 1956.

Problem of Rising Costs

Before proceeding further, I must add yet another word about costs, because in the times in which we are now living the cost of production is to a substantial extent outside our

control. To indicate the scale of this problem, I need only mention that owing to the recent rise in the price our coal bill alone is likely to cost roughly £250,000 more during the forthcoming year, and this does not take into account the effect on our associated and subsidiary companies in this country. In addition, the prices of all our raw materials—many of which have recently gone up—will be further affected by the increase in freight rates which is about to come into force. It is very hard for those engaged in production, who do all in their power to keep costs down, not to criticise the action recently taken by the two large nationalised industries.

There is not much that I can add to the Directors' Report regarding our associated and subsidiary companies, but we can detect a slight improvement in Canada and in the United States, where strenuous efforts are being made to meet and overcome the problems in those markets. In this country British Cellophane Limited is doing well, and so also is its subsidiary company Bonded Fibre Fabrics Limited. Although at present the latter company has little influence on our trading results, it is nevertheless developing rapidly and is offering a wide range of fabrics, many of which are novel.

Having carefully examined the provisions of the Finance Bill about overseas trading corporations, we have come to the conclusion that the administrative advantages of the present Group arrangements—by which overseas interests are managed and controlled locally—appear greatly to outweigh any financial advantage from any change in the existing organisation, which would in any case be relatively insignificant.

Keeping Stockholders Informed

A great deal has been said during the last year or so regarding the desirability of companies adopting the system of making half-yearly or even quarterly statements, and your Board has given very careful thought to this matter. We believe that conditions over a short period—especially in the textile industry, which is so dependent on fashion and the weather during the four seasons—are such that it might well be misleading to issue full statements of results at shorter intervals than one year. I shall, however, continue the practice—which I have adopted this year—of giving you a short survey of conditions since the end of our financial year, and as in the past we shall comment briefly on trading operations when the announcement of the interim Ordinary dividend is made.

British Celanese

I now come to the purchase of the shares in British Celanese Limited and the reasons which prompted us to make an offer to buy the entire Stock of that Company. I should, however, first like to pay a tribute to the late Dreyfus brothers, because whatever differences of opinion we may have had with them in years gone by it is freely admitted that the success of cellulose acetate fibres in the textile industry is almost entirely due to their inventive minds, to their initiative and to their hard work. Doctors Henri and Camille Dreyfus were two outstanding characters, and with a team of loyal colleagues—many of who are still actively employed—pioneered the production of cellulose acetate in the United Kingdom, in Canada and in the United States of America. In each of these three countries separate companies were formed and factories were erected to develop their inventions, and in each country the protected name "Celanese" formed a part of the title.

In order to meet the problems which are likely to arise in a Free Trade Area, we felt that it would be prudent to examine with great care a suggestion which had recently been made to us to acquire by purchase all the Stock of British Celanese Limited. In our considerations we were not unmindful of the fact that in some quarters such a combination of interests might be criticised on the grounds of a monopoly, but although it is true that between us today we may account for roughly 85 per cent. of the production of viscose and acetate yarns and fibres in this country, it must not be overlooked that whilst these can be blended with all the natural fibres they are nevertheless in competition with them. Moreover, there is the competition from the pure synthetics—some of which are not at present being made by your Company—and in addition in a Free Trade Area there will be the production of the European companies to contend with.

In our deliberations we also gave careful thought to the advantages which would accrue to some sections of the United Kingdom textile industry if your Company jointly with British Celanese Limited directed their efforts to a rationalisation of production and marketing of acetate fibres; moreover, we felt that economies could be made in the weaving and knitting divisions of our two organisations.

Having weighed all these matters in the balance and having considered the opportunities which might offer in a Free Trade Area resulting from a combination of our two concerns, we decided that it would be to your advantage and in the National interest if we responded to the suggestion to purchase the Celanese Stock. We therefore took expert financial advice in regard to the form and manner in which an offer might be made, and the result is now known to you—more than 90 per cent. of the stockholders in each class of stock having accepted the offer.

Our present task is to survey the Celanese organisation and, with the co-operation of their Directors and officials, we shall draw up and put into effect a plan which should result in concentration of effort and rationalisation. Steps are already being taken in this direction, and working parties are collaborating harmoniously with each other and advising us on important matters of policy. Mr. P. S. Rendall, a Deputy Chairman and Managing Director of Courtaulds Limited, and Mr. C. F. Kearton, a Director of Courtaulds Limited, have both joined the Board of British Celanese Limited, which so far as we are able to judge at present will continue to retain its identity. I must warn you that although we believe substantial economies can be made, time will be necessary to put our plans into effect and you must not therefore expect immediate and spectacular results.

The Common Market and Free Trade Area

I should now like to say a few words about the problems to be faced in a Common Market and Free Trade Area, and how they are likely to affect the British man-made fibres industry and British textiles generally. The idea of a Common Market and Free Trade Area is a political one, and whilst it has the prospect of bringing back to Europe some of the political influence which has been lost as a result of two world wars, it has the possibility of also bringing a higher measure of economic stability. We are not, therefore, averse to a gradual reduction in tariffs which would be carried out over a period of years, but we are not blind to the fact that there are many

difficulties ahead; for example, I have already referred to the system in some European countries of granting subsidies and giving special facilities; these and other kindred matters will have to be carefully watched if Great Britain is not to be placed at a disadvantage.

There is also the thorny problem of the definition of origin of goods, to be agreed by the Governments concerned. I understand that negotiations are proceeding regarding this matter, which is of the greatest importance as regards competition from the Far East where labour costs remain a long way below European levels. This particularly affects the textile industry, because there is such a long chain of different processes before the final product reaches the consumer. Unless, therefore, suitable definitions are introduced for textiles, imports of semi-finished goods from the Far East might gravely threaten the industry during the difficult period of transition to European Free Trade. I trust that our own Government will most carefully consider the vigorous representations which are being made to them.

A European Free Trade Area could eventually provide an internal market of manufactured goods for close on 280 million people: compare this with the United States of America with a population of 165 million, and the Soviet Union whose population is said to be around 200 million. Having made that comparison, one is better able to see what opportunities are open to the efficient manufacturer.

The existence of such a large market expands the scope for new ideas and new methods, bringing with them lower costs of production in a more rapidly developing economy—with consequent improvements in the standards of living. These are long-term advantages; in the first years of a Free Trade Area many industries in Great Britain—especially the textile industry where there is surplus capacity—will have to meet a challenge, and we must therefore expect some dislocation and adjustment. However, as a result of our having acquired control of British Celanese Limited, we believe that your Company will be better placed to meet competition; furthermore, the interests which we have on the Continent should help us to maintain our position in a highly competitive European market.

I have referred to surplus capacity in some sections of the United Kingdom textile industry, but I believe that this excess capacity exists also in many European countries. It seems to me, therefore, that from this point of view we may all be similarly handicapped, and the highest reward is likely to come to those who are first in the field with a robust and effective policy for scrapping out of date and redundant machinery and, where and when possible, putting into effect two and three-shift working. Such a programme—if it is to be successful—must be accompanied by the goodwill of both management and labour.

This is the policy which your Company intends to pursue. Furthermore, in collaboration with the Unions concerned we shall persist in our efforts to do away with such restrictive practices as still remain; we shall pay even greater attention to quality, design and the technique of merchandising, and in this manner we shall hope to gain the full advantage which a Free Trade Area may have to offer.

In conclusion, may I ask you to join me in thanking all our employees—whether serving at home or overseas—for the contribution which they continue to make towards the successful results of your Company.

Your Policies at Work

Most men who have family responsibilities and who take out a life policy very properly rest content in the knowledge that they are "covered" and that some provision is made for their dependants. Very few are aware of the many ways in which this attractive form of "negotiable security" can be put to work.



Some twenty years ago a young screen actor just reaching star status was introduced to the Institution by one of our brokers. Since that time his policy has been used as security for bank loans to purchase a house, to educate his children and to tide him over occasional long periods of "resting". When he reaches the age of being classed as a "veteran" the policy will mature and will provide a practically tax-free income to supplement his necessarily reduced earnings.

Other actual cases in which life assurance is playing a significant part in personal and business affairs are described in *Your Policies at Work*. We will gladly send you a copy.

United Kingdom Provident Institution

HEAD OFFICE :

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MANSION HOUSE 6543



HUNGER AND ANGER

by PODALIRIUS

First among the great spirits who have striven to civilize mankind I place the inventor of regular meal-times. No doubt she was driven to it in self-defence.

The bond between anger and hunger, so well understood in the home, has its counterpart in history in the bond between hunger and war. Once this link had been spotted you might have thought every man's hand would reach for a spade; but far from it. This straightforward piece of prophylaxis has never been tried.

Permit me to curdle your blood with a few figures. Before 1939 the population of the world was about 2,000 million; at the end of this century—bar accidents in either direction—it will be 3,000 million. And even in 1939 well over a third of the people in the world were getting less than enough to eat. The war, of course, didn't help, and though things have picked up a little since, the mothers have outstripped the farmers in the little matter of production. So to-day getting on for two-thirds of the people in the world are not getting enough to eat.

We had better think about this now, before we are all hungry together. In their *Second World Food Survey* the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations tell us that we could easily waste less, grow more, and share out better. Rats eat 7 million metric tons of human food a year in the United States alone, and insects about twice as much. And we ourselves only eat a very small part of the crops we grow; most of them are fed to our flocks and herds, or used as fertiliser, or even thrown away. It is quite possible that the delights now promised us from such viands as grass, green algae, yeast and seaweed, though tedious to a gastronome, will go down very well with cattle, and that would leave more of the ordinary crops for us. Canada would grow more grain if she could sell it, rice growers in the paddy fields could raise a fifth as much again if they could get modern scientific advice, and plant breeders could suggest suitable plants for places with a short growing season. Moreover, deserts could be watered, poor soil fed, and we could pass round the surplus and build up reserves.

In fact, if we would all attend for a change to the regular filling of our own and other people's bellies, tempers might improve and there would be a chance for civilization after all.

* * * *

Podalirius has an excellent point there: tempers might indeed improve if we would all attend to the regular filling of our bellies. But, as many readers themselves would point out, this alone does not make a well-contented "inner-man." What we need is quality, not quantity. All too often our diet, however ample, is poor in its supply of such essential food factors as vitamins, proteins and minerals. That's why many people wisely supplement their daily diet with wheat germ in the form of Bemax, the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man.

THE BEST OF PODALIRIUS. A second series of selected Podalirius articles is now available in booklet form. Write to the address below for your free copy.

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A Time for Greatness

By LORD CHANDOS

TIMES change, and we change with them': that is the old tag. But is it true of us, the British? I rather doubt it. The first part of the ancient saying is of course true: times have indeed changed. I remember driving in a tiller-steered de Dion Bouton belonging to Mr. Arthur Balfour. It had tube ignition and his chauffeur warned me that the tube blew out about every 500 miles, with a deafening report. As I was a very small boy this entirely spoilt my drive.

Times have changed. There was a time when if any part of the world became a little turbulent, Queen Victoria sent a gunboat and a stiff Note with it, which was generally enough to restore the Pax Britannica. Our might was undoubtedly and unchallenged. I can remember my aunt, Lady Frederick Cavendish, writing an indignant letter to a daily newspaper complaining of the advertisements for corsets. The advertisements were stylised and bore no possible relation to the female image. She, however, thought them indelicate not to say indecent. I hardly know what she would have thought of the somewhat over-frank advertisements for almost everything which now confront us. For that matter, there are very few modern works of fiction which would have found their way into a Victorian drawing room, although they are now not uncommonly seen in the nursery or the school-room.

Times have changed. Have we changed with them? I think in many ways we have not. Indeed the pattern of modern life undergoes so many variations. The frontiers of science and knowledge are pushed further and further out

into the unknown almost daily. I was discussing some nuclear problems the other day with some engineers and scientists, and we were momentarily at cross purposes. One of them said: 'Oh, I beg your pardon, I quite agree if you are speaking about *conventional* nuclear power stations'; a rather startling phrase, but one which reflects the enormous changes that are taking place in this particular field covering the generation of power.

This country is by nature conservative in its habits and thoughts; I mean conservative with a little 'c' in this context. If we are in a happy mood, we can claim in this context that we are a blend of preserving the best of what is old and of embracing the new, whilst at the same time discarding the brash and the meretricious. I think if we claimed that we should be setting our claims too high. My point, however, is a simple one. We must move more quickly with the times.

I have said that until recently the Pax Britannica and England's might were taken for granted. Nowadays they are less taken for granted. Therefore it is necessary for us no longer to sit back and allow others to find out our merits, our virtues, our achievements, our intentions and our hopes for our own future, but to give other people the opportunity at least of hearing from us how to rate them. Or let me put it another way: many of the problems which assail the modern world have become urgent and thus dangerous. Owing to the perfection of modern communications, what is whispered in Amman at three o'clock is known nowadays on the London Stock Exchange within an hour. Every wind

that rustles through the dead leaves of politics and national aspirations is wafted over the world by radio, by television, by newspapers, by magazines.

I said in a recent article that we suffer in this country from a lack of natural resources, or rather that our only resources are exiguous. What are they? First, the land. I remember getting a copy of an address made by an American industrialist which said that until Great Britain ceased to try to live upon sweated labour, ceased to use men's hands rather than machines, she would always lag behind the rest of the world. I did not think it necessary to refute this statement at large, but I took the liberty to point out that the largest industry in this country, namely agriculture, was not only the most highly mechanised in the world but, aided by our much abused climate, produces yields which have never been equalled in the North American continent. It is indeed rather striking to think that the sterling value of the agricultural produce of these tiny islands is approximately equal to that of either Canada or Australia. Here certainly is one natural resource which we are not wasting. That is not to say that we cannot make still better use of it than we do, aided by modern chemistry and modern research into agricultural problems. Nevertheless, there it is, the principal industry of our country mechanised beyond that of any other.

Achievements in Nuclear Physics

We have a little iron ore, and nobody thinks that that is wasted or inefficiently won. There remains coal. Our story here is much less happy. But at the timely moment we learned the way to harness nuclear energy to the peaceful uses of man. Our contribution to the truly international triumphs in nuclear physics is a proud one, and includes the outstanding work of Rutherford, Chadwick, and Cockcroft. We are the first country to feed electricity from nuclear power into the national grid. We are sometimes supposed to be conservative and slow, yet we hold the speed records on land, air, and water. When it comes to speed, it might be added that business can probably be transacted more quickly in London than in any other centre, not excluding New York. We have the largest effective merchant fleet in the world. Services such as banking and insurance and terminal markets are more highly developed here than elsewhere.

There is thus every reason to suppose that we still have the means and the brains, that we shall still be in the forefront of the new age which new sources of energy open to us. But, in a country that has to live upon its brains, and whose pre-eminence as a world Power is by no means always taken for granted, we cannot afford to hide our light under a bushel. It must be part of our object in this part of the century to draw back our curtains and let people look in through the window upon some of our achievements. They must also look into the crystal of some of our hopes and aspirations, or, as we call them in industry, some of our developments. They will see a varying pattern. Frankly, there are some of our traditional industries, and I will not enumerate what they are, where perhaps they will find plant more obsolete than it should be, and methods which do not owe all they should to modern technique. Part of the reason for this is that we were the first in the field over such a great part of industrial production. And, in a way, those who come later profit from the experience of the few who have had the initiative and courage to launch out alone. For example: even if some of our roads do not look equal to the demands of modern motor-borne traffic, do not let us forget that many of them were designed in days when our forefathers bowled up from Newmarket to Brooks's Club in a curricle. That is another reason why it is not always an

advantage to have been the first. It sometimes leads you to having to adapt and alter existing assets, rather than be able to take a new site, draw upon new labour and begin, as we say in mining, 'from the grass roots'.

I would not say that we have not got things of which we should be somewhat ashamed in some of our traditional industries. On the other hand, there are the modern industries, and I cite as an example the chemical industry with some of the parallel industries which are chemical in origin, as for example that of man-made fibres, rayons and acetate silk, nylon and terylene. Without them the world could not begin to be clothed even on its present standards. Is there anything in those modern industries which we should wish to hide from the most critical engineer that the world likes to send over to our workshops? I think not. I would also say that I think the same is true of the electrical industry. There are some parts of this industry, and I have mentioned one of them, in which we lead the world. There are others, perhaps, in which we are slightly behind, but here again I do not feel that we should have much cause for shame in showing the greater part at least of all our plants to any American or foreign engineer.

Before anyone else in the world had operational radar we had a whole chain of stations working in Britain; and the jet engine was the development of an officer in the Royal Air Force. And talking about civil aviation, I was at an airport recently in the United States, and heard an American—I think a recent American from his appearance—who was asking what the 'planes out in the evening for a certain destination were. The clerk told him, and he said: 'Yes, but I want a Viscount, I'm not going in no other 'plane'.

The thing that I am trying to say is that we have a great story to tell, and, much more than that, we have a duty to tell it; we are not roses that can afford to blush unseen. In this world, where it is customary for film stars to inform the press of their pregnancy almost before the doctor has decided upon it, when elections may depend upon a photograph of the candidate's intestines at the moment when he is seeking the suffrage of the electors, at the moment when the full blast of publicity bears down upon the conjugal quarrel as much as it does upon the cosmetics, the under-clothes, the sheets, the stockings, the tastes, the absurdities and inabilities of almost everyone who is a little different from his fellows, we cannot afford to let people find out that we are not a finished country, that we are not lagging behind, that we do not depend upon sweated labour, that we have a tradition and a culture and a civilisation and a literacy and a spirit of adventure and enterprise which have led in the past to the most noble achievements—and will do again.

Imaginative Colonial Experiments

In the political, in the economic, and in the financial field I believe, I deeply believe, we have without any doubt the role of a leading power to play. Politically we have to rely more upon our brains than when by our might we imposed the Pax Britannica for 100 years, but even in those days the balance of power was a policy and not just a phrase. I also believe that British colonial policy is the most enlightened in the world: it aims, simply, at building the political institutions and political classes in these countries, and both must be built together, so that responsibility for governing themselves may sensibly and progressively be handed over to the inhabitants. Given time—and it is easy to fear that we shall not be given it—our great and imaginative colonial experiments have a hopeful chance of success. If we press too far, or too fast, we shall fail. But patience must not be mistaken for reaction. The untravelled world holds no terrors for us, and we still have pages of history to write.

—General Overseas Service

The Problem of Democratic Safeguards

SVEND THORSEN on the one-chamber legislature in Denmark

IN democracies, people are often concerned about the quality of the men and women whom the ordinary system of parliamentary election raises to the seats of government. We are sometimes worried by the fact that so many of our most distinguished citizens will have nothing to do with politics. They prefer to follow other vocations. And these vocations make them all the more fit to advise and vote in matters of public policy. To give them a voice and a vote in parliament is one of the justifications of a second chamber. But the great problem is how to choose them. Denmark faced this problem for a hundred years, having rejected the hereditary principle. Some of our trials and errors may be of interest to other democracies, perhaps even instructive.

Denmark's first constitution dates from 1849; and it was based on a two-chamber system: Folketing and Landsting. The Folketing corresponds to the House of Commons, the Landsting was a kind of Upper House, though it was elected by general and equal franchise, with an income and tax qualification for the candidates. After the loss of North Slesvig the constitution was amended in 1866, and this, by raising the qualifications required of electors, gave the landed aristocracy generous representation in the Upper House. It also gave the King the right to elect for life twelve members of the Upper House; the idea was that members elected by the King should be people with exceptional qualifications.

It has been said with some justice that any written constitution (that is to say a constitution not resting solely on tradition) attempts to shackle an unknown future. The one basic experience of Danish political history is that it is no use trying to work out a written constitution that will last for ever. Civil and commercial development move along lines different from those visualised in the constitution, and in the end the constitution has to be changed. Practice outruns precept. Life in Denmark round about 1866 possibly justified the privileges which assured to the large landowners the generous representation they enjoyed in the Upper House: but in the decades immediately following, pressures set up by the changing social structure of the community worked against the new constitution, particularly, for example, the movement of population from countryside to town, and the fact that the leadership of farming interests drifted from the hands of the Conservative landowners into those of the Liberal farmers. Meanwhile the Crown, in nominating the twelve members of the Landsting, had a marked tendency to make partisan rather than neutral choices. The Crown at the time openly supported the right, that is the Conservative Party. So in the course of less than half a century nearly all the premisses on which the Upper Chamber of 1866 was based were destroyed.

And by the constitutional reform of 1915 the character of the Landsting was changed. An age qualification replaced the property qualification. Voters in the Landsting elec-

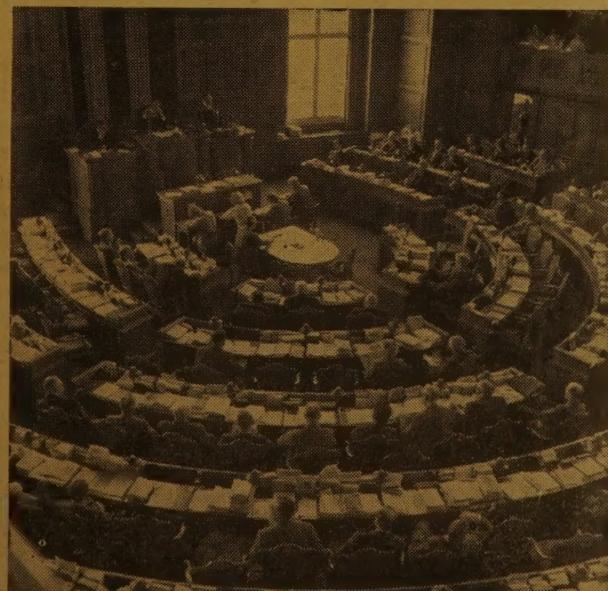


Christiansborg Palace, Copenhagen, which houses the Danish parliament

J. Allan Cash

tions had to be thirty-five years of age, and the twelve members formerly nominated by the King were now chosen instead by the Landsting itself, but now to the number of eighteen. The new Landsting could be dissolved only with difficulty. It was said of it that it should be a forum for 'testing, considering, and revising', and to that extent the Landsting retained all the classic functions of an Upper House, that is to say, of being a brake, though not too strong a brake, on the initiative of the Lower House.

But, once more, the wheels of time caused the foundations of the Danish Upper House to crumble. The widespread social and cultural levelling process which took place among the Danish people, in the inter-war period—resulting from a levelling out of incomes by taxation, better education, and easier communications, and by the spread of radio and the newspapers—all this raised the question whether it would not be more sensible to have one electorate and one elected chamber rather than two electorates and two elected chambers. There was a desire, too, to simplify the legislative apparatus, and so strengthen its executive capacity—an advantage enjoyed by the dictatorships of the period, among which Denmark most of all feared Hitler's Germany. At the same time, the process of indirect election lost favour, because it not infrequently led to undignified horse trading between the party whips in the various constituencies. The Landsting set up in 1915 was no longer so broad-minded over the appointment of the eighteen members chosen by itself.



The Chamber of the Danish parliament—the Folketing—in session

All too often these reserved mandates had been regarded as vacant seats available for the advancement of elderly members of the Landsting who had been elected by constituencies hitherto; or for well-deserving members of the Folketing. Distinguished men and women of independent mind were not drawn in sufficient numbers into the work of the Landsting. To its own disadvantage the Landsting was no wiser than the Crown had been.

While in practice the British Upper House has no more than a delaying veto, the Danish Landsting had an absolute veto, since the constitution required identical acceptance by both chambers of a bill before it could become law. In my opinion, and in the opinion of many others, the Landsting was extremely unwise in insisting as it did on its formal equality with the Folketing, which is, after all, the immediate expression of the people's will. If the Landsting had not made itself the focus of the struggle for political power, but had consolidated itself into a Danish Upper Chamber which only used the delaying veto of an Upper House, and always gave way to the majority in the Folketing when this had been confirmed by a general election, then Denmark would probably still be living under a two-chamber system like Britain.

Assault on the Landsting in 1939

But it was to be otherwise. Two assaults were, however, necessary before the Landsting fell. And I should like to dwell a little on the first, unsuccessful assault, because I am convinced that on that occasion proposals of great constitutional value, and of value not only to Denmark, were put forward. In 1939, agreement on constitutional reform was reached between the Social Democrats, the Conservative, and the Social-Liberal parties. The agreement proposed the formation of a new body to be known as the Rigsting, to replace the Landsting. The principle: one body of electors, one elected chamber, was accepted. A parliament of 200 members was henceforth to be elected as one assembly by all citizens over twenty-one years of age, and it was to be elected partly, as hitherto, by constituencies and partly through the election of national lists of candidates. The idea was that these lists should be drawn up by the various parties from personalities somewhat detached from the daily rough and tumble of politics who, by reason of their education or of some outstanding contribution to science or commerce, would be able to contribute expert knowledge to the planning of legislation.

After the election parliament was to divide into two sections: a Folketing and a Rigsting. The Rigsting was to consist of successful candidates from the Rigs List, members, that is, not elected by the local constituencies, plus a corresponding number of constituency-elected members. Finance Bills and certain other business were to be considered by both Houses in conjunction, meeting together on these occasions as a united Rigsdag—a united parliament. Thus the possibility of a conflict between the two chambers preventing the execution of business was, for all practical purposes, eliminated. But in the radically modernised Upper House elected by national lists highly qualified voices would be heard to the advantage and reputation of parliament.

The Moderate Liberal Party (Venstre), which is mainly the Farmers' Party, took no part in the agreement, mainly because the party felt that the measure proposed—which, by the way, closely followed the Norwegian parliamentary system—was too complicated, and among voters, too, the three party proposal was by no means popular; people feared that the party leaders would have too much to say in deciding who would be included in the national lists, so that these too would become a kind of welfare institution for veteran politicians, just as the places at the disposal of the King and of the Landsting itself had been. I believe this fear to have been unfounded. It would have been wholly in the parties' own interests to include well-regarded personalities known throughout the country, if only to attract as many voters as possible to the party.

I think it was something of a disaster that these majority proposals did not achieve sufficient support in the constitutional referendum which took place in the spring of 1939. The proposed Rigsting would have contained many worthy members of a type who all too often prefer to remain outside, rather than face the rough and tumble of an election. The more complicated political problems become, the more essential it is to try to attract into parliament not only men and women who represent local opinions

and interests, but also people of intellectual distinction, and people with specialised knowledge. Unless this happens the authority of parliament will suffer, particularly in its relations with the civil servants employed in central administration, and with biased commercial interests. It is a mistake to believe that parliament can be content to be a kind of jury, saying no more than 'guilty' or 'not guilty' on the basis of documents put before it by third parties. A legislative assembly must have a certain initiative of its own or its authority must suffer.

Unfortunately I am bound to say that Denmark, whose parliament is possibly among Europe's best, missed an opportunity in 1939 of strengthening the authority of the Legislature, and its ability to deal with the often highly complicated political problems of our time. Countries discussing constitutional reform can possibly learn something from the Danish fiasco of 1939. This, in my opinion, concerned a fundamental problem of all present-day constitutional reform. Constitutional extremes are no longer the dominating factor in politics—democracy is an established thing, at any rate in the Anglo-Saxon and Nordic world. But beyond that, the problem is to give to democratic government a form that will enable it to tackle the difficulties of the present day.

Finally, in 1953, Denmark obtained her new constitution. This provides for one chamber in the Folketing, the parliament, whose 179 members are all directly voted for by the electorate. After the second world war it was generally agreed that the altered circumstances both inside and outside the country made a new constitution essential, but experience in 1939 showed that interest in constitutional matters is not great amongst the population at large, and that constitutional reform could be carried through only by the necessary referendum if all the main parties stood behind the proposal. At this time Venstre (the Moderate Liberals) were in power, and since the Moderate Liberals felt that the idea of a Rigsting with an Upper House consisting of candidates elected by national lists had been definitely rejected in 1939, it was finally agreed to have a parliament with only one chamber. No one was in favour of a previous proposal which provided that after elections, when the composition of the Folketing was known, it should be able to supplement itself, and thus strengthen itself in whatever fields seemed necessary. The lessons of history were too frightening.

I would have preferred the Rigsting as proposed in 1939 to the single-chamber constitution we now have which, in my opinion, is less able to attract members of calibre into parliament than an election with national lists as a supplement to direct-constituency elections would have succeeded in doing. But the single-chamber system does not frighten me. I must admit that the old Landsting had gradually become little more than a survival even though it still included a number of competent members, and the new constitution contains considerable restraints on the new single chamber.

Remarkable Feature of Present Constitution

First and foremost I should mention the remarkable feature of the constitution of 1953 which provides for a referendum as a conservative safeguard. It may sound paradoxical, but the principle of a referendum is to set the people above parliament, so that it does not conflict basically with the democratic idea. In the present constitution a referendum becomes a kind of Upper House. One-third of the members of the Folketing can demand a referendum on a bill which has been passed but not yet approved by the King, and if at least thirty per cent. of the electorate avail themselves of their right to take part in the referendum and a majority of them vote against it then the measure is rejected. The constitution seeks its safeguard in the people themselves. Financial measures cannot, of course, be the subject of a referendum.

The new Danish constitution is only four years old, and experience of it is not yet very great. Up to the moment the restraining power of the public referendum has not yet been brought to bear on any measure. But it should not be assumed from this that the institution is of no value. I am convinced that its mere existence effectively protects minority interests, forcing the political parties into co-operation. And this is an important consideration in Denmark, whose system of election by propor-

tional representation has resulted in the existence of six or seven parties in parliament. A government, which in a given matter can rely on a bare majority, must now take account of the fact that a referendum can be demanded by a minority, and this must necessarily have a moderating effect on them. I believe it has already done so.

The abolition of the second chamber raised the question of other safeguards, besides the referendum. For instance, the very fact that a Bill had to be sent from one House to another—usually from the Folketing to the Landsting—involved a question of delay which had a certain value. Public opinion was once more directed to the Bill, an opportunity was given of correcting mistakes before its final approval, and also of including useful technical amendments. All this disappeared with the end of the two-chamber system. So now the constitution itself requires that two-fifths of the members of the Folketing can demand that the third reading of a Bill shall not occur earlier than twelve weekdays after the approval of the Bill at its second reading. This provision offers a pause for thought during which the law makers can ponder the matter once again, while those amongst the public concerned have an opportunity of directing to parliament any pleas they may wish to make on the matter before it is finally decided. The rule, however, does not apply to Bills concerned with indirect taxation, or state loans, since these must often pass through the Folketing quickly. So far, the request of twelve days' delay has not been made, but here, too, the indirect effect of such a rule must not be underestimated.

The transition from the two-chamber to the single-chamber system meant that while each Bill had to be subjected to at least six readings—three in each chamber—it is now read only three times in the Folketing. I have already mentioned the safety measures provided by the constitution. In addition parliamentary procedure has been tightened up to counteract the weaknesses of the single-chamber system. Almost without exception two days

elapse between the readings of a Bill; furthermore, a Bill is discussed once more in committee between the second and third reading, whereas previously the committee worked on a Bill only during its second reading. In fact the debate on the third reading is sometimes divided into two sections, especially if, in the course of the third reading, amendments of any consequence are put forward. The new constitution also provides for a considerable extension of the legal assistance at the disposal of the committee.

The curious thing is that although most people admitted that the Danish Upper House (the Landsting) no longer provided a proper safeguard, it was none the less easier—though difficult enough!—to reform the whole constitution than the Upper House alone, probably on account of the law of inertia. It is too early to pass final judgement on the Danish single-chamber system. Several safeguards have been incorporated and new traditions are in their infancy. Although experience has given rise to no disquiet, many people feel that the reform question has yet to be finally solved. Personally, I feel a bit disquieted by the fact that the quality of membership of the Folketing does not seem to have been affected by the loss of the Landsting, or by the failure in 1939 to attract to parliament people of wider abilities, particularly from the universities, the technical sciences, and commerce.

The new Folketing is composed on lines carried over from the nineteenth century, with groups of politicians constantly at odds with each other over their ideals and their interests. I shall not feel confident that the political problems of the twentieth century will be solved until parliament has access to other and higher talents. Time will show if I am right in my doubts. Unfortunately my knowledge of the British constitution is not wide enough for me to have formulated any opinion as to whether the composition of the present British Upper House can be cited as a concession to my point of view.—*Third Programme*

An Impression of Spain

By RICHARD WILLIAMS, B.B.C. special correspondent

TWENTY-ONE years ago this month, the Civil War in Spain began. Today there are millions of young Spaniards who remember nothing of that bitter three-year struggle which divided the country so deeply. Time has healed many of the scars and only occasionally, as in the Alcazar at Toledo, do you still see signs of physical destruction. But the memory remains, and if there is one thing that unites all Spaniards it is that they never want to experience such a conflict again. This does not mean that they all approve of the Franco regime—far from it. But the strength of the opposition is difficult to assess, because it is not allowed to express itself publicly.

When I was in Spain a few days ago, I found plenty of people ready to criticise the Government on various grounds, but usually in private. Recently, however, there have been grumblings here and there of a bolder discontent which, oddly enough, comes mainly from right-wing groups: the Monarchs and the Falange—the Facist Party which formed the spearhead of the 1936 uprising. One of them, a well-known writer and a veteran Falangist, recently wrote an article in a Cuban newspaper reproaching the Government for abandoning the ideals of the party. The revolution, he said, had lost its momentum. He was promptly arrested and is now awaiting trial. In the universities, too, there have been signs of restiveness among the students, who feel cut off from the broad tide of European opinion. They have grown impatient of the current political stagnation, the rigid censorship, and the lack of parliamentary democracy. The list of books they are not allowed to read is very long, and they have never known a free election in their lives.

But all this opposition from different quarters is vague, unorganised, and ineffective. It is certainly no threat to the regime.

The closely supervised Spanish press, on the other hand, gives no trouble at all, but it pays for its conformity in a peculiar lifelessness and parochialism. The Cortes, or Spanish parliament—a body of carefully chosen men—meets from time to time to pass Bills drafted by the various Ministries. But here, again, the debates—if that is the right word—are as dull as the thud of a rubber stamp.

Yet it would be wrong to think of Spain today in terms of a police state. The figure of political prisoners is not divulged. The best unofficial estimate I could get was 4,000, a great reduction on the number held some years ago. But fear does not walk the streets. There is none of the furtive looking over the shoulder that one remembers in Nazi Germany before the war. The country's isolation is being gradually broken down, with a flood of tourists coming in to take advantage of hotel and food prices which are among the lowest in Europe. American airmen are arriving in considerable numbers, bringing with them a different world. The proud Spaniard no longer feels so cut off by the Pyrenees from the civilisation to which he belongs. Even the Government's studied policy of friendship with the Arab States is being looked at more critically. It now seems too exclusive and not very rewarding.

One of the questions lingering in the background of Spanish politics has been: What comes after the present Government? General Franco is sixty-four and he has no obvious successor. A few days ago speculation was ended when the Cortes was told that when the General died or resigned, the Monarchy—in the person of the present claimant, Prince Juan Carlos—will be restored, an assurance that has brought the Monarchs for the first time fully behind the Government.

—‘From Our Own Correspondent’ (Home Service)

The Listener

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Royal Visit to the Channel Islands

THE Queen and Duke of Edinburgh are making their second official visit to the Channel Islands next week, but the first since the Queen's accession. The Channel Islands are, to speak broadly, an appanage of the Crown. They were conquered by the Vikings and became attached to the Duchy of Normandy. When William the Conqueror came to England they were a part of his empire. Indeed a tradition exists that some Channel Islanders were among the motley throng that followed him to England, and that therefore the Channel Islanders may be said to have taken part in the conquest of England. Being nearer to France than to England the Islands have been called a frontier fortress and have often been fought over. They were nearly lost at the time of King John when Normandy revolted against him, but surprisingly opted in his favour. Jersey was occupied by the French in the eighteenth century and threatened by Napoleon. Finally in our own time the Islands were occupied by the Germans, after having been abandoned as indefensible. Jersey and Guernsey have in their Lieutenant-Governors and Commanders-in-Chief the personal representatives of Her Majesty. Bailiffs, also appointed by the Crown, serve as Presidents of the Assembly of the States and of the Royal Courts of Jersey and Guernsey, and act for the Lieutenant-Governor in his absence. In 1949 Alderney, the third largest island, became a subsidiary of Guernsey in many respects (the Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey had already become Lieutenant-Governor of Alderney in 1825), but the smaller island still retains certain powers of its own. The Island of Sark is a feudal manor under the Dame with a Court of Chief Pleas which makes ordinances on local affairs.

The Islands are proud of their independence under the Crown. Their legislatures are sovereign bodies answerable only to the Queen in Council and their own peoples. In domestic policy they are their own masters. Taxation is lower than in England, and visitors are usually pleased by the relative cheapness of alcoholic refreshments owing to differences in the rates of duty. It is said that when Queen Victoria landed in Guernsey in 1859 upon a Sunday it was thought that she committed an error of taste and that the Rector of Trinity Church, St. Peter Port, voiced his disapproval by omitting the word 'religious' from the phrase 'our most religious and gracious Queen' in the prayers for the Royal Family. On the present occasion it was reported that offence was caused in the Island of Sark because the suggestion was made that three policemen from Guernsey should come over and assist in the security arrangements.

The Islands are famous as holiday resorts and also for the tomato growing industry which covers much of Guernsey and Jersey with glass. Since their unfortunate experiences during the German occupation they have prospered, benefiting in particular from modern air transport, since the crossing from England by sea is long and sometimes rough. The Islands have their problems, both economic and social, but they afford comfort to a pleasant people who are traditionally Royalists, their ancestors having manned one of the last strongholds of King Charles II during the Interregnum. The Queen and Duke are assured of an enthusiastic welcome.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on a Nato stockpile

MR. DULLES' SUGGESTION of a stockpile of nuclear weapons for the use of Nato members in the event of war was one main subject of comment during the past week. A Moscow commentator asked how the Americans would feel and what they would say

if the Soviet Union began to declare that it is essential for Warsaw Treaty countries, that is the socialist countries, to have atomic weapons.

A Polish opinion, expressed on Warsaw radio, was that the stockpiling of United States nuclear weapons in Nato countries would not prevent 'certain circles' in them from wanting to produce such weapons, and would 'certainly highly aggravate security conditions in the world'. The speaker added that, 'this is exactly what the latest idea of Dulles is aimed at'.

Western opinion was more favourable to the plan of a Nato stockpile. In Australia, *The Melbourne Herald* was quoted as saying:

Countries such as France, which cannot really afford to go in for nuclear arms production, may be dissuaded from overstraining their economies if they are assured that U.S. controlled stockpiles will be turned over to them for defence in an emergency.

In America, *The Washington Post* is quoted as writing:

The net result will be to advance the United States and Nato further on the road to an all-nuclear military strategy. Undoubtedly, it is too late to retrace this road, even if that were desirable. But every further step makes it more difficult to control the proliferation of nuclear weapons, the use of which even in limited war is an untested strategy that could end in nuclear extinction. If we cannot go back, would it not be wise at least to halt this march until we determined the chances at London?

The chances, in the opinion of a German newspaper, the *Sueddeutsche Zeitung*, are nebulous, since the state of the present disarmament talks in London reflect the international situation. The newspaper writes:

Hesitation and procrastination have replaced the rapid pace of the negotiations in early summer. One of the reasons can be easily seen: the purge in Moscow. The Soviet delegate, Zorin, must show himself relatively rigid so as to demonstrate that the purge was not a sign of weakness. The West wishes to let these repercussions on the Soviet side pass before it says the last word on its offers.

A Soviet view links the disarmament talks specifically with the economic situation in Britain. A Moscow commentator said:

The entire British press is beating the drum about inflation and the need for urgent measures to combat it. But would not the best way to curb inflation be to lessen the arms burden, at least partially? This would not only mean a cut in unproductive military spending but would bring a possibility of manufacturing many types of goods for the export trade which would improve the foreign trade balance and strengthen the pound?

The visit of Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Bulganin to Czechoslovakia was also a topic of general comment behind the Iron Curtain, and commentators were unanimous in their opinion that the unity and strength of the Communist Parties in eastern Europe had been reinforced by the discussions which took place in Prague. A Moscow home service commentator claimed that the visit had demonstrated 'the inviolable unity of the countries of the socialist camp' at a time when the West German revisionists were 'again raising their heads' and U.S. military circles were 'trying to foment the cold war'.

Moscow radio attacked Mr. Dulles' suggestion that there was a conflict between the people and the rulers of the Soviet Union, in these words:

Mr. Dulles is trying to persuade his countrymen that in Russia the people want changes of some kind and it is the rulers, supposedly, who are preventing those changes. But all the changes that have taken place in our country in recent years are the results of a policy worked out by the party with the participation of the people. The removal from the party leadership of Malenkov, Kaganovich and Molotov, who had tried to change the policy, again shows that the party and its leaders are pursuing the course which has been approved by the whole party and the whole people.

Did You Hear That?

HOLIDAYS ABROAD

HOLIDAYS ABROAD was the subject of a talk by ADELE ZIOLKOWSKA when she spoke in 'Window on the West'. 'There was the blue-eyed Barbican fisherman', she said. 'He had made friends with a Breton-farmer who had come over from France on one of the annual strawberry boats, and he was going to spend a holiday on his friend's farm. It was hard to imagine this dark-jerseyed, sea-booted, bronzed man wrestling with French verbs. He spoke with as strong a dialect as I have ever heard in Devon. But he had actually learnt some French, and he aired it proudly when he came to ask me how he and his wife could get to France by the shortest sea-route. The poor lady was afraid of sea-sickness and insisted on the minimum time on the boat.

'I remember, too, the dockyard worker who was mad about model trains. He had won a prize in the annual locomotive model exhibition in London. A Frenchman had seen his exhibit and admired it greatly. This started a correspondence which had lasted for years. The Devon man wanted a ticket for Paris. He was going to meet his French correspondent in the Pigalle district so that they could run their own model trains on the railway yard which is specially provided for enthusiasts.'

'A contrast was the fragile middle-aged spinster draped in chiffon and tired velvet who kept a boarding house near Exeter. She had met a Norwegian teacher of skiing during a summer holiday in Scandinavia. He had promised to teach her to ski if she returned to Norway in winter. She took up the offer, and not even a broken leg at the end of her holiday quenched her determination to go again and master the art of skiing eventually.'

'Best of all I remembered the kind parson from a Devonshire parish. He loved the Tyrol. He could not bear the thought that many of the old people in his church would die without seeing the beauty of a mountainous country. Forty people, all over sixty, had paid him weekly sums for three years. He was going to take them to Austria and act as their leader and he wanted to know the best means of travel for his aged party. The holiday was a great success. "Better'n all the tay in China", one old lady said to me after she got back.'

'There was the old farmer and his wife. They had retired to a tiny whitewashed cottage on the wilds of Dartmoor. They had never had a holiday in their lives, and before settling down to a life of leisure they wanted to spend part of their life savings on a holiday in Switzerland. They pored over my snapshots and brochures. Neither of them could read. It did not matter. The old man memorised all the instructions. "Used to larn all the psalms by heart when I wuz a bye", he said proudly. They had a wonderful holiday. Everybody loved them at the hotel. They came back with a cuckoo clock for "mither" and the old man must have amused the customs officers with the long "Alpen-horn" slung across his back like a bow: "They used to use 'e fer blawing away the devil", he told me in awe.'

'Money was a vexed question for the timid-looking bachelor who worked in a shipyard. He had never been anywhere but

to Bournemouth for his holiday but he thought he would like to see Paris. He was horrified when I mentioned one or two prices. "Tea and cakes four shillings!" I pointed out that the cakes were made with real butter; that a holiday is a change of habit as well as of surroundings; that if he drank wine like the French he would pay less and probably have a gayer time than if he stuck to tea. It had no effect. He went to Bournemouth again.'

AN EXHIBITION IN GUERNSEY

An exhibition is being held this summer at Victor Hugo's house in St. Peter Port, Guernsey. VIVIAN OGILVIE spoke about it in 'Window on the West'.

'Victor Hugo', he said, 'went into exile in the Channel Islands when Louis Napoleon established his dictatorship. He made his home first in Jersey and then, for fifteen years, in Guernsey, and only returned to France when the Second Empire collapsed in 1870.'

'I cannot remember seeing any house so impregnated with the personality of a bygone owner. It has been preserved as it was when he last saw it—furnished as no other house has ever been furnished. He was a man of turbulent originality, and everything you see as you wander from room to room bears the mark of his restless mind. You stare up at beautiful tapestries on the ceilings. You see walls panelled with carved wood, from ancient chests which he

took to pieces; elaborate fireplaces, beds, chairs, candelabra, cabinets, statues. You peep into a lobby and find the walls and the ceiling covered with valuable china. There are magnificent things and grotesque things in dense profusion—an overwhelming reminder of the romantic author of *Les Misérables*, *Notre Dame de Paris*, and the other romances and plays and the vast body of poems.'

'To the English reader the poetry is naturally the least familiar part of Victor Hugo's enormous output. It is with one of his most important volumes of poetry that this special exhibition is concerned—a book called *The Contemplations*, which was published just over a century ago, when he was living in Guernsey.'

'The proceeds enabled him to buy this house. He had come to a turning point in his life. He was now an exile, cut off from the politics that had absorbed so much of his attention and his writing. He set himself to review his life and experience in a calm frame of mind. The *Contemplations* are consequently very personal. They touch on a great many aspects of his life from childhood onwards and on places and people that affected him intimately. One group of the poems deals with the most painful event of all—the death of his eldest daughter, who was drowned with her husband in a boating accident a few months after her marriage.'

'This exhibition displays a wealth of material to do both with the book itself and with the experiences out of which it grew. There are documents and letters and copies of the first edition with drawings on blank pages by Victor Hugo himself and by others. There are portraits and photographs of people who played a part in his life, and of places too. Some of these are very lovely



A drawing of Victor Hugo's house at St. Peter Port, Guernsey, as it was in his day

pictures—water colours lent by the Louvre, prints lent by the Bibliothèque Nationale. There are morbid relics of his daughter. And there are a good many sketches by Victor Hugo. He had a pronounced gift for drawing in pen and wash and was able to convey in a picture what he felt about a scene. Many of the subjects are characteristically sombre, sinister, melodramatic. He was almost hypnotised by menacing skies, weirdly shaped trees, storms at sea, and haunting ruins. For instance, there is a sketch of the old breakwater at Jersey, a structure of wooden pillars eaten away by the sea, that look like monstrous ancient bones'.

FINDS IN NIMRUD

PROFESSOR M. E. L. MALLOWAN, the Director of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, has led a series of British expeditions over the past eight years to search for the buried city—Nimrud in Syria—most of which is 2,700 years old. Professor Mallowan described in 'The Eye-witness' what he found there:

'We found', he said, 'storerooms of ancient furniture that was already antique before 600 B.C. They included works of art that would hold their own anywhere in the world, even today—hundreds of pieces of carved ivory, some of them parts of furniture like the legs of tables and panels that had once decorated bedsteads. This collection must have come from all over the Near East: it was brought to Nimrud by traders, by returning soldiers, and by royal visitors with rich gifts. One particularly beautiful piece is a carving of a cow suckling its calf; the cow is looking round at the calf, standing against a background of lotus flowers which had been decorated with gold and encrusted with blue glass. Even the cow's hairs stand out clearly. Another panel shows a strange creature with a dog-like body and a lion's head, pricked-up ears, and a collar round its neck, and even though it is a mythical creature it contrives to have a look of alertness about it. It rears up against a background of lotus flowers and looks like a segment from a baronial shield.'

'There are hundreds of these carved ivories. We found them in what was a great royal storehouse, behind two rings of protecting walls, one of them more than 100 feet thick and sixty feet high. The warehouse also included supplies of corn, wine, and oil which were distributed to the various classes of workers employed by the King of Assyria. We did not find only ivories: among other things there were large numbers of huge clay jars, as high as a man's shoulder, and too large to get your arms round. They had been used to store corn, wine, and oil.'

'Perhaps the most entertaining part of the stores was what I will call wine cellars. The capacities were marked on the wine jars. In one block of buildings there were about thirty of these wine stores and we were lucky to find in them lists of people to whom the wine was to be allocated, written of course on clay tablets. The written lists mentioned the classes of persons by whom the wine was to be drunk—for instance, the King's choir of male singers from Persia. The man with the biggest ration of all was called the god's messenger: he carried letters from the King to the god, asking what might be done on critical occasions, and returned with a written reply. He was a three-

bottle man. These supplies were captured in the year 612 B.C. when the town was invaded by Persians and Babylonians, and it looks as though the invaders got very drunk, for we found the ivory arm of a musical instrument, which was probably a harp, lying over the top of an empty wine jar. These invaders helped themselves to what they wanted, including gold. However, they did leave for us rooms full of ivory carvings that will rank among the most important of archaeological discoveries.'

'It is enormously thrilling when you come across a find like this, when first one and then another of your helpers runs up to announce that some fresh treasure is beginning to peep out of the ground. And when you get to the site, there it is, another carving, perhaps gleaming with gold'.

NOISES ON THE BROADS

'The Broads by night', said E. A. ELLIS in 'Through East Anglian Eyes', 'are full of mystery and curious sounds. Odd, unexpected things happen, and some experiences are startling; other are enchanting.'

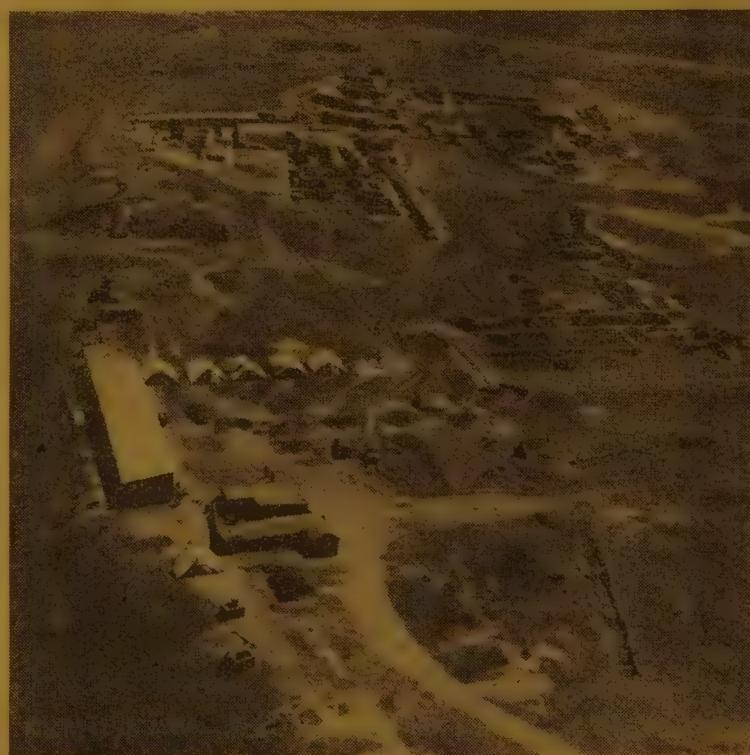
'A warm summer night has a special music. The thing to listen for is the singing water-weed. You almost have to hold your breath to hear it, as I have done once or twice when conditions have been perfect. It is a queer experience; a sort of fairy music rises from the water. If your ear is not attuned, you might compare it with the "muzz" in sound broadcasting before V.H.F. came along; but it is rather like a faint jangling of cymbals, or the hiss of rain on water.'

'Only one sort of weed performs in this way: the hornwort. After the sun has been on it all day, it might be described as effervescent with bubbles of oxygen. As the tiny bubbles stream up to the surface, the fronds of the weeds are agitated and keep on grating against one another. The leaves are rough and crisp, so they

skiffle as they dance. Much the same sounds are made by musical water-bugs in our marsh ditches. They scrape little fiddles, but the orchestra has to be prettily large to attract attention.'

'We have South American music on the Broads now: genuine jungle stuff—not the sort they imported from Spain. It echoes across the valleys when the moon is full. If you have heard a cow in trouble at any time, imagine listening to one lamenting the loss of a calf in the middle of every reed-swamp. That is the nearest description I can give of a coypu's love-call. The coypu is a fur-bearing animal rather like the beaver; it was brought over here from South America and farmed for its fur. Some escaped into the Broads just before the war and spread in a big way. I would not say they make the night hideous with their cries, but they are exceedingly mournful under the moon's influence.'

'They vary in pitch as much as the cuckoos in the daytime. I cannot say it is an altogether pleasant experience meeting an ill-tempered old coypu along the waterside at night. They say growling dogs do not bite; no one would think of approaching a growling coypu enough to find out if the same principle applied. It is not a loud growl, but it seems to come from the belly of Satan. I have found myself too near for comfort a good many times when I have been rowing home in the small hours after a night's eel-babbling'.



Aerial view of the south-east end of the acropolis at Nimrud, showing, left foreground, the expedition's house and camp, and, beyond it, in the background, the site of the Nabu Temple, south-east building, and Burnt Palace. In the centre right is the Governor's Palace

The American Way of School Life

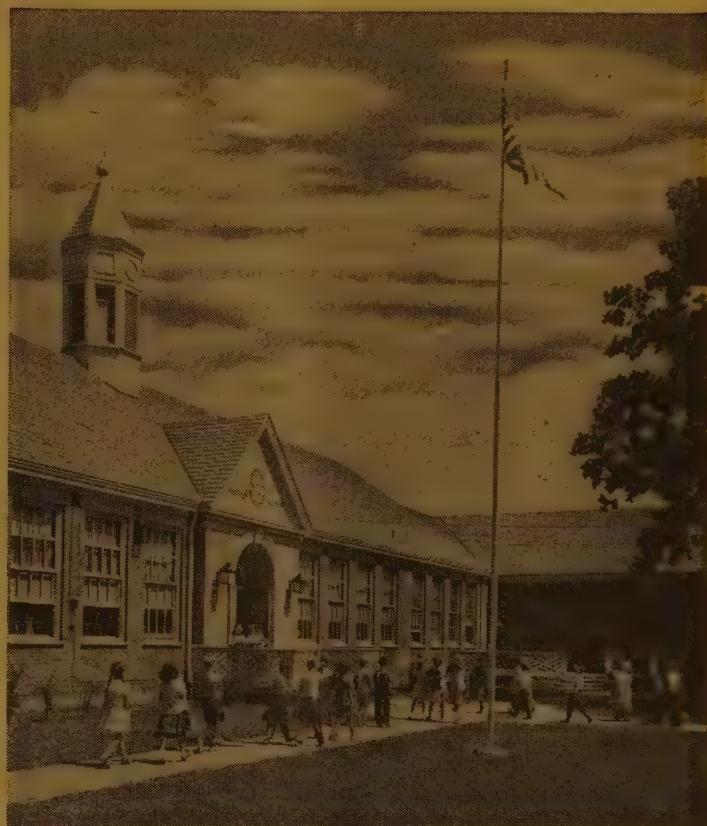
By JACK LONGLAND

ENGLISH visitors to the schools of the United States often come back and report that the American boy or girl is, on average, two years behind their English counterparts; that the American high school is an overgrown educational factory, mass-producing students who go on to colleges which are not in the least like real universities; and that American children eat too much candy, are sexually precocious, and badly disciplined at home and school. My own impression, based on a delightful and exhausting round of visits last autumn to schools and colleges in ten widely separated States, is that these criticisms, whatever truth they contain, are largely irrelevant. They are irrelevant because they are based on comparing the wrong things with each other, and on the too easy assumption that the purposes of the public system of education in America are identical with those of our own.

I ought first to give the warning that generalisations about American schools are unusually hazardous. There is no centrally controlled national system of education there, no Ministry of Education at Federal level. Education is, as it were, entrenched out of the United States constitution: that is, it is a right exercised and jealously guarded by each of the forty-seven States, and the system is financed locally, with virtually no Federal aid.

On the other hand, I am certain that America believes in its public system of education in a way that is not yet true of England and Wales, whatever may be said of Scotland. For a nation that has been formed out of immigrants of many races, different languages, and widely varying levels of culture, the schools have always been recognised as the principal agent making for nationhood. They are the melting-pot or crucible from which have come a common language and the conscious teaching and learning of the American way of life. The importance of the role given to the schools is glimpsed when we remember that some of the States introduced free and compulsory schooling nearly seventy years before we began it in England. And every visitor notices the Stars and Stripes flying over every school building. The flag is there not because of jingoism but because the schools are the chief instruments in the policy of Americanisation. They are also recognised, together with the universities, as the main means of attaining a fabulously high and steadily improving material standard of living.

The general belief in the importance of the schools in America has been strengthened by the fact that the State systems of



The Stars and Stripes flying over an American school

education have no large-scale competitors. You will find virtually no trace there of the deep division existing in Britain between the national system and the independent, or, as we comically say, public schools. It is true that there are independent schools in America, some doing valuable pioneering work, a few, refuges for the children of the very rich. But the American equivalent of a Cabinet with eight Etonians in it—or, changing parties leftwards, eight Wykehamists—would be unthinkable. There is no advantage to the American boy in being sent to an independent school, in the hope that he may later have better access to the sources of power or wealth. The senator's son and the millionaire's daughter sit side by side with the taxi-driver's child in the local high school. In consequence, all levels of society are deeply committed to the public system of education. When they legislate about it, they are providing for the future of their own, not other people's, children.

Because they feel so involved in these schools for their children, and because they are a rich nation, the American standard of school building and equipment is out of all comparison higher than we have managed in England. I saw no slum school-buildings (though there are some in the deep South); in fact, I saw no really bad buildings at all, though I poked my nose into a lot of odd corners, nor did I ever see even any old schools: old, that is, as we reckon it, seventy to 150 years old, and still in use. One new high school I saw for 1,800 students cost £2,250,000. The money was raised almost entirely locally, where it hurts most, and the Citizens' Committee which planned the school originally proposed a design which would have cost twice as much. This particular high school had two halls, one an auditorium with fixed seats for 2,000, six gymnasiums, a machine shop among many other workshops, with \$150,000 worth of equipment in it, a covered swimming bath, and corridors down which you could have driven two small buses abreast. Almost



A classroom in an American high school: a pupil addressing the class during a course on American history

next door, in a different educational key, was the football stadium of the University of Michigan, which holds about as many spectators as Wembley.

Teachers, too, are well paid by our standards. Cash comparisons are apt to be fallacious, as they do not take the cost of living into account. But the average salary in 1954—good and bad States together, since there is no national salary scale—was about £1,300, and has risen a good deal since. Heads of departments in a large school would get the equivalent of £3,000, principals up to £5,000, and university presidents (and perhaps a few college football coaches) £12,000 a year or more. For the ordinary teacher it means a car, sometimes two, a centrally heated house with refrigerator, washing-machine, and many other electrical gadgets; good clothes for wife and children, and decent holidays too. And yet teachers are much more foot-loose than they are over here—they move in and out of the profession: it is particularly hard to keep the men, and there are seven women teachers to every man in the elementary schools. There is plenty of alternative employment for the women too, as this newspaper advertisement may suggest:

We need an aggressive woman, twenty-five or over, to advise families on the wisdom of buying their burial space before needed. Salary \$4,500 per year, plus monthly bonuses.

High Salaries but Few Teachers

For all these reasons, future recruitment of teachers, against the curve of the steadily rising birth-rate, is worrying American education authorities more and more, and there is little doubt that teachers' salaries will keep on rising. Qualifications are rising too. In most States a teacher on the permanent staff must have four years' education and training after leaving high school at eighteen, in a few States none but graduates are employed, even in elementary schools.

How long does the American child go to school, and what kinds of schools does he go to? As there is no Federal Law of school attendance, the answer would vary slightly from State to State. But more than seventy out of every 100 children now have twelve years of continuous schooling, starting at six and going on till eighteen, and this percentage is rising annually. It is impossible for an English visitor not to have a sense of shame, when he remembers our minimum leaving age of fifteen and that even in our grammar schools so many able pupils leave at sixteen before they ever get into the sixth form at all. The twelve years of school is divided in different ways. There is nearly always six years at what the Americans still surprisingly call elementary school, the same period and roughly the age-range covered by our own infant and junior schools. The work going on in a good American elementary school seemed to me very like what you would find in a good English primary school, provided that one of our newer and better-equipped schools was chosen. But at twelve, the arrangement and the prospects are very different. There is no division into sheep and goats, nothing similar to our separate convoys of eleven-year-olds making for three different kinds of secondary school, grammar, modern and technical—and more distantly for sharply differing kinds of occupations. Already 80 per cent. of all American twelve-year-olds go to the local high school, the small minority remaining in elementary schools till sixteen. Very soon it will be 100 per cent. at high school, since a high-school education is now regarded by parents as the American child's birthright; and what American parents want in the way of schools, they very soon get, since the system is so responsive to local pressure. And the majority stay on at high school till eighteen, since neither parents nor employers nor trade unions want them to start work any earlier.

University Education 'in the Knapsack'

It is true that this long school life is based on a high standard of living, on mechanisation, concentration and specialisation of industry, and that without cynicism one might regard the later years of school life as a very advantageous kind of technological unemployment. But another reason is that not only the high school, but a college or university education is also now regarded as packed in the knapsack of the ordinary American child. Already nearly 30 per cent of all eighteen-year-olds go on to college—

3,000,000 full-time students, compared with our own—what is it?—150,000 at a generous estimate. And college numbers are growing fast, and since new colleges are not coming into being at a comparable rate, the existing ones are already alarmed at the prospect of being swamped, and their standards swamped too, by the flood of applicants they can see coming at them.

Here we reach what I believe to be the basic conclusion about American education. It may start later, at six rather than five; it may be true that the first two university years are no better than English sixth-form standard; you may search a high school curriculum and not find any concentration on scholarship, or the deep study of any subject. The point is surely that the length of the whole education process is so much greater than it is with us, and for so many more of the whole child-population. The vast majority continue at school till eighteen, more than 30 per cent. will soon continue till twenty-two or even twenty-four. The post-graduate students at college already outnumber our entire university population. The pudding is proved by eating it. On the material side, at least, we cannot compare our own results with their volume of scientific and technological study at high levels, or with the rapid effect it has on American standards of living. If the Americans prefer to have a lengthy and, by our standards, rather wasteful and expensive system of education, they are entitled to be judged by the vast quantity of educational goods of reasonably high quality which the system delivers at the far end.

The American high school has gradually developed into the acknowledged, if widely criticised mass-medium of American education. We usually think of the American high school as an impossibly large school. Yet the average size of their high schools is just over 300, and in the corn- and hog-raising farm State of Iowa there are 500 high schools with less than seventy-five pupils apiece, as well as over 3,000 one-room elementary schools. Nearly all, however, are what we should call comprehensive secondary schools; that is, all the children of the neighbourhood attend them with nothing equivalent to our segregated grammar school, and in the cities at least many of them are very large: 1,000 to 3,000 or more children.

Streaming Not a Real-Life Situation

When I told my American friends that the question whether we in England should turn over to comprehensive secondary schools was becoming a party-political issue they were amused or shocked. They believe—not universally, but in general—that it is wrong to segregate the intelligent child from his fellows. It is the sacred right of the child or his parent to choose to have a high-school education, and they were appalled that any outside authority, however impartial, should decide this question for him. I was told that the future physicist will be a better physicist if he has mixed continually with more ordinary children; that teaching tolerance is as important as any other kind of teaching; and that it was dangerous to aim at producing an intellectual élite.

Similarly, inside most high schools, there is no attempt to separate children according to their ability into A, B, and C forms. I was told that 'streaming is not a real-life situation', since in later career we must mix with all kinds of people. In the main, too, they believe that a boy or girl has the right not only to choose his school but also the subjects he will study in it. He may be guided in his preference by wise counselling, but if a boy of fairly low intelligence is determined to take subjects which he hopes may lead him on to college, the choice is finally his, and not anybody else's.

I have said that, in comparison with our own methods, this process strikes us as wasteful and expensive. But it is at least arguable that in England we have concentrated too much on the intellectual élite, on fostering what Americans call the egghead, and that we are only just beginning to learn how to educate ordinary children. What I found so impressive about American education was not only their passionate belief in it and their willingness to spend money on it, nor even their very lively criticism of the defects of their own system and their willingness to learn, so much as their determination that every child should have the right and the opportunity to go right through to the top, and that so many of them did get there in the end.

—Home Service

The Attempt on K.2

By H. R. A. STREATHER

ON August 2, 1953, all eight members of our climbing party were camped nearly five miles up, on the slopes of K.2. The summit of this mountain, the second highest in the world, rose close above us. Early on in our expedition we had received news of the successful ascent of Everest and we felt sure now that our goal, too, was in reach. During the previous few weeks, as we worked our way slowly up the mountain, the weather had been a continual worry to us and storms had cost us an extra day or more in every camp. We reached Camp Eight, and we planned to establish one more higher camp before trying for the summit.

But this plan was never to be carried out. On the night of August 2 the wind smashed at our tents with unbelievable violence. All through the night the storm howled, and in our tents we could not make ourselves heard above the groans of the straining fabric and the drumming of the blown snow. We wondered whether any tent could possibly stand such punishment. We knew that at this altitude and with the temperature way below freezing, a man outside could survive only for a few minutes. All through August 3 and during that night the storm continued, and early on the morning of the fourth we heard a pathetic cry outside: 'Help! Our tent has gone'. Charlie Houston crawled in to join Bob Bates and me. We hauled him in through the narrow entrance of our tent, brushed the snow off him and set to work to warm his hands and feet. George Bell, an atomic scientist and the tallest member of our party, crawled in to share a tent with two of the others.

For the next few days the storm continued. We never knew just how much longer our tents would hold; but that was not our only worry. We were now somewhere about 25,000 feet up and no man had ever stayed at that altitude for any length of time. We knew we must be getting weaker each day, for the lack of oxygen in the air was crippling; and, what was worse, we just could not keep our primus stoves alight. Some days we would manage a cup or two of tea or gruel, but often, in spite of continuous attempts, we could not melt enough snow to give us the liquid that we so desperately needed. We were not unduly worried about our safety because we felt sure the storm must let up soon and then we would go on with our plan.

On August 7, in the morning, there was a brief lull. We knew that we must make a move. But when we crawled from our tents, we found that fate had dealt us a very bitter blow. As Arthur Gilkey tried to stand, he collapsed. He was clearly in considerable pain and fell again in a faint when he tried to get up. Charlie Houston, who was our doctor as well as our leader, diagnosed thrombo-phlebitis, with a blood clot in the calf of his left leg. This seemed impossible. Gilkey, a young geologist who had led an expedition to Alaska the previous year, had never been ill before and had been one of our fittest climbers. He had been chosen, during the days of the storm,

to be one of those to try for the summit. But now there was only one thing for it. We must get Gilkey down before pieces of the clot broke off and entered his lungs.

We wrapped him in his sleeping bag and in the shattered tent, and as soon as we could break camp, set out to drag him down the way we had come up. But we had underestimated the depth of the new snow that had fallen during the storm. Very soon we saw that it would be suicide to try to go further through this deep snow. We would certainly start an avalanche. There was nothing for it but to drag Gilkey back to camp. We grimly repitched the three tents. While we were doing this Bob Craig and Schoening went off to see if they could find some other route down. Bob Craig was confident that they would find a way. When they returned they told us that they had found a rock ridge which

they thought would lead down to join our old route below the avalanche slope. It was steep, but there was no alternative. We must try it as soon as we could.

More storm tore at our tents for the next three days, and any movement was out of the question. We had been here nine days now and our food and fuel were getting low. We knew that our strength was being sapped daily and that soon we should be too weak to move. Our minds were working slowly and it seemed so much easier to just lie in our sleeping bags and do nothing. Often we felt like doing just that, but we knew

of the effects of high altitude and that we must expect this very feeling. We had Gilkey to think of, and get him down we would. In our optimism we still had thoughts of trying for the summit again once we had taken him down and once the storm had abated. Being at such close grips with the mountain it was difficult to think about anything else. But, as I have said, our minds were working slowly and often half-formed thoughts would fade as one lay down again and tried to keep warm in one's sleeping bag.

Thinking back, those days at Camp Eight seem very remote now. It is strange how human nature can adapt itself to such varied circumstances. At the time it seemed the most natural thing in the world for us to huddle in our tents waiting for the storm to blow itself out. There was no question of fearing death. In spite of Art's illness, we were still full of confidence and sure that we should all get down somehow. There were now hours and days to lie and think what would be the best thing to do. Gilkey was seriously ill and would certainly get worse if he stayed here. He probably had only a few days to live. The rest of us were weakening daily. We wondered if we should all try to take him down, or wait here a little longer in the faint hope that he might improve and be able to walk, just a little, to make it easier for us to get him down? If we did stay, would we all soon be too weak to move?

On the tenth we decided that on the following day two men should stay with him and the others should go down and rest and get more food at a lower camp. They would come back later,



K.2, the second highest mountain in the world

refreshed, to help carry Gilkey down, if he was still alive. But on the morning of the eleventh Houston came round the tents and said: 'We must all take him down now'. 'In this storm?' someone asked. 'Yes. It means life or death'. During the night a clot had entered the other leg and at least one piece had entered his lungs.

Outside the tent where Gilkey lay in his sleeping bag ferocious gusts were pounding at the little camp, straining the tents to the utmost, but without a word we all began to pack. It seemed a desperate venture but we were in a desperate position now. It was, I think, the responsibility that we felt for Art that had kept us going through the later days of the storm. It was not until Charlie pronounced Art's condition extremely critical that we were jerked back to reality. His life was in our hands and this lent us determination.

Only a short while ago, before the storm started, everything had been going so well, but now, through no choice of our own, we were about to face a most desperate struggle for our lives. We lashed the torn tent round Art's sleeping bag again, tied four nylon ropes to it, and started down. 'How do you feel, Art?' we asked him. 'Fine, just fine', he replied, with a drawn smile; but he must have known the odds were against him.

Even now, I have vivid memories of those next few hours. As the wind lashed at us, our beards, eyebrows and goggles quickly became coated with ice and our hands and feet soon lost all sensation. The relentless wind seemed to penetrate right to the marrow of the bones, killing all senses. Once, while we were belaying Art down a long snow couloir, he and Bob Craig disappeared under a powder-snow avalanche but the rope held firm and the cold powder moved on without them. But it was a near thing. The blown snow nearly choked us and made it impossible to see for more than a few yards. By about three in the afternoon we were nearly exhausted. We had reached a point about level with Camp Seven and decided to try to drag Art over there and somehow get shelter for the night. Above us was a snow gully, below nothing to halt a fall to the Godwin-Austen Glacier, nearly two miles below.

As we were preparing to drag Art across the ice slope, I looked up and, to my horror, saw George Bell start to slip. He and I were climbing on the same rope and I knew I must hold his fall. I thrust desperately at the ice with my axe but soon there was a sharp tug at the rope and I was dragged off, to gather speed down the ice slope. So this was to be the end? Having spent so much time on the steep ridge of K.2 and having survived many desperate days of storm, one small slip was to take George and me hurtling down to the glacier, way below. I clearly remember feeling extremely cross and a little cheated because I was certain we were going to see this thing through. There was no fear; but I think we had become immune to fear during the past few days. Just when I thought the next bounce would take me down for several thousand feet and end it all, I stopped. I was sprawled in the snow, with a rope pulling hard at my waist. All round me there seemed to be more people staggering about in the driving snow. Some way below me I suddenly saw George Bell clamber-

ing up out of nowhere. Later we pieced together what had happened. As George and I fell, our rope had crossed that of Houston and Bates and pulled them off. It had then pulled off Molenaar, who was himself tied to Gilkey. Schoening was at the time holding Gilkey from a strong belay position above and somehow held us all. It sounds impossible but it happened. One man held all five of us in a serious fall at nearly 25,000 feet.

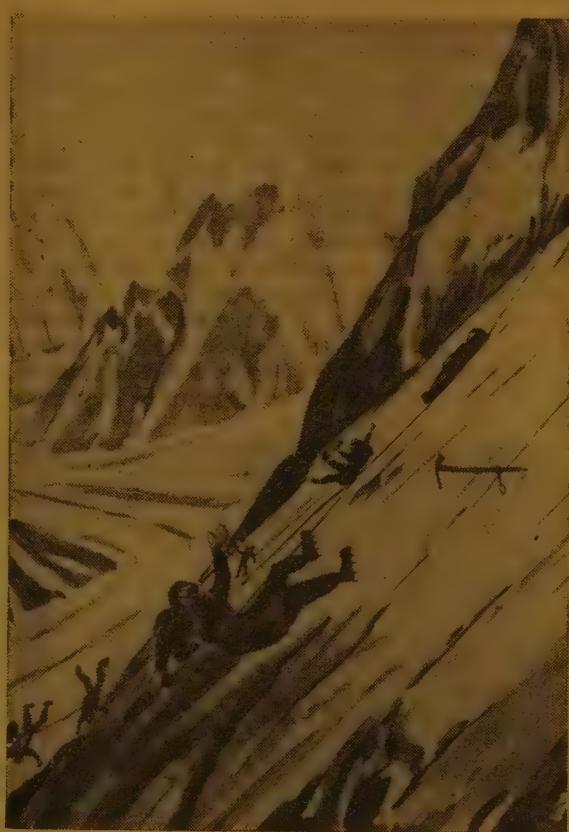
Houston was badly hurt. Bob Bates climbed down to him and tried to get him to move. It was only when he said to him with great intensity: 'If you ever want to see your wife and daughter again, climb up there now' that he started to move towards shelter. It was some time before we could get him and the other casualties into the tents which we pitched at Camp Seven. The two Bobs and I seemed to have come out of the fall best and were able to help the others. While we were doing this, we anchored Art securely with two ice axes and left him hanging on the slope. He was heavily drugged and so could not have known too much of what was happening. As soon as we had got the casualties into the tents, the three of us traversed back to the icy gully, only some 150 feet away, to see if we could move Art over to Camp Seven. We could not believe our eyes when we got there. The ice slope was bare. An avalanche which we had not heard above the roar of the storm had swept down the gully. There was no trace of our companion or of the ropes and axes that had anchored him.

We were too near exhausted to feel the full force of the shock of our loss. We staggered back to the tents to find Houston continuously out of his head except when he slumped unconscious. We were all badly shaken and George

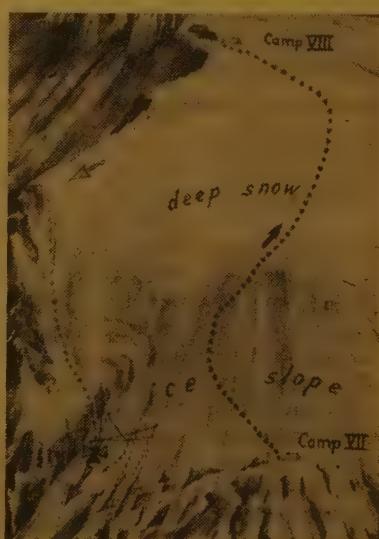
Bell's feet were now in a bad state of frost bite. But we were not beaten yet. We had come a long way on this mountain and it had waited until we were high and vulnerable to unleash the full force of its defences against us. Art had gone, and we realised how hopeless had been our attempt to get him down. We never really had a chance, for the most difficult part of the climb was yet to come. That night at Camp Seven we realised that the next day was going to be a crucial one for all of us. We could not afford a single slip on the icy slabs below us. We had had one miraculous escape, when it seemed that fate, at last, was on our side, but we could not expect it again.

Thank God the evening was calm. At dawn, however, the gale started again. Badly shaken still and going largely on nerve, we fought our way down the steeply angled icy slabs to Camp Six. Nobody slipped. How Charlie Houston

did it I shall never know. He was still badly concussed and climbed as if in a dream. We had to cut George Bell's boots to get them on to his frost-bitten feet, but he too climbed faultlessly. It was August 15 before we reached base camp and safety. The last few days had forced us to the most desperate climbing of our lives. But now the seven of us were safe. We had done all we could for our companion but the mountain had taken him. Only after facing danger and hardship can one fully appreciate safety and comfort. Bob Bates had a quotation, written by Thomas Churhyard 350 years ago:



Drawing by a member of the expedition of the accident that occurred at 25,000 feet on K.2, and (below) the route between Camps Seven and Eight showing the place (marked with a cross) where the accident took place



Who knows not toyle can never skill of rest.
Who alwaies walks on carpet soft and gay
Knows not hard hills, nor likes the mountain way.

As I recall those day of storm, the question of finding the will to go on living did not really arise until Charlie told us, at Camp Eight, that we must get Art down. Our problem was not of finding the will to resist some abstract force that was going to kill us, but of facing up to the hard, stark reality of surviving under

such appalling physical conditions. After Art had gone—after the fall—we were weak and battered but we knew well that to live we must get down to our base camp somehow. I am sure our only thought was to get off the mountain and away from the cruel, killing wind.

This was more than enough to force us to climb painfully down to safety. One's natural instinct must be to live, if life is humanly possible, and it was possible on K.2 for seven determined men.

—Home Service

The Fate of the Gods

SIGURDUR NORDAL on the Icelandic sagas

THE Icelandic sagas—the prose histories of the great Icelandic houses—are the last and also the finest expression and record of the spirit and the ideas belonging properly to the Germanic race in its own right, and not derived from Rome or Christendom. I am quoting those words from W. P. Ker's *Epic and Romance*, not only because they contain an estimate of the place of the sagas in world literature by a great British scholar, but because they open up to us a vista through an often neglected chapter in the history of western civilisation.

Teutonic Barbarians

We know by hearsay a good deal about the feats and conduct of the various tribes of Teutonic barbarians, from their first invasion of the Roman Empire to the Viking raids. But we do not hear them speak their minds themselves, in their own words and with their own voice. Only after they were converted to Christianity did they learn the art of writing, so that when they were able to communicate with posterity, it was not quite their own voice any more. Missionaries did their best to make conversion sweeping and radical: 'Burn what you have worshipped, and worship what you have burnt!' Schooling was a privilege of the clergy, and Latin the universal language of the Church. No wonder that the genuine records of the spiritual life of the ancient Teutons leave much to be desired.

Is it possible that the Icelandic sagas can, to a certain extent, make up for what we are missing? True that they are written in the vernacular, in a highly developed style of their own, remarkably untainted by Latin influence. But, on the other hand, they are written as late as the thirteenth century, while the Icelandic people were converted to Christianity by the year 1000. How on earth should the old spirit and the old ideas have been able to survive so long, unaffected by the ascendancy of Rome and Christendom?

There is an explanation of all that, which might be called the icebox theory. It implies that Iceland was so isolated and remote that only feeble ripples from the waves of European civilisation could reach its shores. The people could therefore keep their original ways of living and thinking, so to speak, unaltered. Life was quiet and monotonous, the winter evenings long and dark, story-telling the favourite pastime, few things to learn and remember. It is supposed that the sagas from the heathen period were ready-made shortly after the events, and kept in faithful memory ever since till at last they were written down, exactly as they had been told. If you accept this theory, it evidently does not matter much whether a saga is written down a century earlier or later.

There is no denying that the geographical position of Iceland made it easier for the people to have their own ways in many respects. The constitution of their commonwealth, without any central or executive power, was only possible because they were for centuries 'free from the onslaught of kings and criminals', as it is bluntly put in a saga, written just after the submission of the country to the king of Norway. And they could in the beginning organise the Church as they liked, without interference from Rome.

But when all reasonable concessions to this theory have been

made, much more remains to be said against it. If kings did not bother the Icelanders, Icelanders were continually—as court poets—paying visits to kings and princes, not only in Scandinavia but also in the British Isles. Rome may have known little of what was going on in Iceland; but the Icelanders produced as early as the middle of the eleventh century a guidebook for pilgrims on the path to Rome. If few foreign priests came to Iceland, the Icelanders were the first of the Nordic peoples to send young students to seats of learning in Germany, France, and England. As a matter of fact the Icelanders had a passion for travelling, and their knowledge of foreign countries and foreign literature was remarkable. As in the case of many other islanders, the sea proved here to be both a moat and a highroad.

The fairy tale of old Iceland as a Sleeping Beauty in the middle of the ocean, producing and preserving great literature as in a dream, may appeal to our romantic sentiment, but it is not so interesting as the real story. Isolation may perhaps help to preserve old memories, which then as a rule disappear without leaving a trace, unless some outsider arrives in time to collect them. Isolation does not lead to original creation. The development of the sagas is the story of a struggle. That story cannot be told in few words, and I am going to confine myself now to one aspect of the struggle only—the attitude to religion.

Old Faith Outgrown

Considering that the Icelanders have rescued from oblivion nearly everything which is known of Nordic myths and heathen poetry, one might conclude that they had clung to their ancient religion with particular tenacity. The contrary is the case. When the Nordic emigrants left their homeland, with its sacred fields and groves, temples and barrows, their earthbound heathenism was pulled up from its roots. And being tolerant and susceptible, it was further disturbed and shaken by the acquaintance and mixture of the settlers with Christian people from the western islands and Ireland. There was an air of unreality about the old cults in the new surroundings. The old mythical poems and tales were preserved, largely for the sake of their use in scaldic poetry. They were not taken very seriously and often they were turned to downright ridicule. The Icelanders had, unlike their Scandinavian cousins, outgrown the old faith, before they accepted the new one. What remained and gained in strength was the belief in an incalculable destiny. The famous conception of the Twilight of the Gods, which is a later misunderstanding of the original expression, the Fate of the Gods, is significant of their final stage of paganism.

The conversion of Iceland was carried through by an act of parliament, avowedly for political and practical reasons, and with an ample scope for religious freedom. And just as the Icelanders had been indifferent heathens they went on being easy-going Christians. They had previously neither worshipped much nor burnt anything, and they continued to keep the same balance. The hereditary chiefs, who retained their old title of *godi*, heathen priest, took the new religion under their wings, built churches, had the priests in their household, chose the bishops,

(continued on page 132)

NEWS DIARY

July 17-23

Wednesday, July 17

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has talks with representatives of the nationalised industries and of the T.U.C. about the dangers of inflation

The Labour Party publishes a statement about its policy on public ownership

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother returns to London after her tour of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

Thursday, July 18

The Postmaster-General announces that postal and telephone charges are to be increased from the beginning of October

A White Paper is published on the disarmament talks which began in London last March

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and other Ministers complete their talks with representatives of industry

Friday, July 19

French Prime Minister wins vote of confidence in National Assembly giving his Government special powers to deal with the rebels in Algeria

Extra police are called to Covent Garden where porters on strike demonstrate against the unloading of lorries

Derek Ibbotson runs the mile in 3 minutes 57.2 seconds at the White City

Saturday, July 20

About 100,000 busmen begin a strike covering most parts of Britain outside London

Dispute at Covent Garden spreads to four other markets in London area

Prime Minister in a speech at Bedford calls for increased production to defeat inflation

Sunday, July 21

British military advisers discuss with the Sultan of Muscat and Oman measures to quell the revolt in the Sultanate

Returning holiday makers are affected by provincial bus strike

Monday, July 22

Minister of Transport announces increase of expenditure on the roads

It is reported from Tunisia that the monarchy is to be abolished

President Nasser addresses new Egyptian National Assembly

Tuesday, July 23

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons about reorganisation of defence

Foreign Secretary states that there is no question of large-scale operations by British forces in Oman

Sir Jacob Epstein is appointed sculptor of Lloyd George memorial to be placed in House of Commons



The deserted coach station at Victoria, London, last Sunday, the second day of the provincial busmen's strike. The strike (over a wage dispute) has taken about 28,000 buses and coaches off the roads and caused difficult travelling conditions for workers and holiday makers all over the country



Sir Laurence Olivier and Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) leading a march to Trafalgar Square last Saturday where a protest meeting was held against the proposed demolition of the St. James's Theatre, London. Sir Winston Churchill has offered £500 to any fund set up to save the theatre

Right: Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret watching pupils of the Royal Ballet School during her visit to White Lodge, Richmond, on July 19

Office over th

Stirling
Saturda



salesmen unloading produce at Covent Garden last week during the strike of 1,200 porters introduction of new working arrangements. By the weekend the dispute had spread to four other markets—Stratford, Brentford, Borough, and Spitalfields



ing a Vanwall, crossing the finishing line to win the European Grand Prix at Aintree last first time for thirty-four years that a British driver in a British car has won the race. His average speed was 86.8 miles an hour



The English Electric P-1 jet fighter which, it was announced last week, has exceeded the world air-speed record of 1,132 miles an hour. It is seen giving a demonstration of manoeuvrability at Preston on July 17



Prospective buyers viewing statuary in the grounds of the Crystal Palace last week. The London County Council is offering for sale many figures, urns, and vases

(continued from page 129)

even took orders themselves. The church was well treated, but as a guest, who had to behave himself and not try to play master of the house. Pagan traditions were looked upon with indulgence and even veneration, like a hoary grandfather who had lost his sway over the family but could both be good company and wise in his old-fashioned way. And fate still loomed in the background, more in accordance with the bitter experiences of life than the Christian conception of a merciful providence and universal justice.

An Aim Higher than Truthfulness

Icelandic historiography began in the twelfth century with dry chronicles, when the material from the oral tradition was sifted with a remarkable discrimination and respect for truth. The first sagas of the past, on the other hand, were written by monks, who knew an aim higher than truthfulness: to write to the glory of God, his church, saints, and servants. These legendary sagas marked the beginning of a fruitful period, when the writers could give free rein not only to all kind of popular tradition but also to their own imagination. The development is still chaotic, the taste unequal, but it is a rich brew. The clarification came with Snorri Sturlason, early in the thirteenth century. Snorri is the only real historian among the saga-writers, and his works are one of the two high-water marks of the classical sagas.

The other one is Njál's Saga, or *Njála*, where the art of the sagas as novels may be said to culminate. *Njála* was composed about 1270 to 1280, after the submission of Iceland to the King of Norway, when the church was rapidly gaining ground against the old aristocracy, but while the last generations who had come of age before the downfall of the Republic were still in full vigour. What are we to think of this great saga as a true picture of the times it is supposed to describe, just before and after the conversion of Iceland?

Most modern readers of the Icelandic sagas are apt to be perplexed, and not without reason, by an apparent duplicity of purpose, which is conspicuous in *Njála*: on the one hand an art of story-telling, which has perhaps never been surpassed in fiction, on the other hand a superfluity of biographical, genealogical, and juridical information, which it is difficult to give attention to or keep in memory. We must look upon most of this material as a concession to the demands of the public. The Icelanders of the thirteenth century did not yet understand that fiction could be as true to life as history. They wanted the sagas to be both entertaining and conforming to fact. The writers had to accept that as a rule of the game.

'Njál's Burning'

But what about the facts of *Njála*, where the saga is the main or the only source? Take the central event, the burning. Have we any means to test whether it really took place? The burning of Njál, the bare fact, is mentioned in the Book of Settlement and hinted at in some other older writings. It is not invented by the author of the saga. But not content with that, Icelandic antiquarians have made repeated attempts to search for the remains of the burnt house by excavations on the spot. All have failed. Traces have been found deep in the ground of a burnt

threshing-floor, a burnt byre, but not of a burnt farmhouse. But every time there has been a rumour, that now at last the traces of Njál's burning had been found, a wave of enthusiasm has swept over Iceland, as if the whole saga had thereby been absolved from every doubt and the sceptics put to shame for ever.

What would such a find really have confirmed? Not even that an arson had been committed, as told in the older sources. We should just as before be thrown upon the evidence of the saga for all the circumstances. To know that something has happened is quite different from knowing the how and why of it all. To believe that a man by the name of Njál has existed and been burnt to death is quite another thing than to believe that this man has had any real likeness to the Njál of a saga written about 270 years after his death.

Many years ago, a smart hotel-keeper near Elsinore fabricated a Hamlet's grave in his grounds. It proved a mighty tourist attraction, although practically everybody knew it to be a preposterous fake. But let us suppose that the impossible could happen, that the grave of an ancient Danish prince by the name of Hamlet were really discovered. It would undoubtedly be of such a tremendous sentimental value that a host of pilgrims from all corners of the world would flock to it and gaze at it with a still greater rapture than I once felt myself when I first held in my hand a piece of charred beam, while I believed it to be from Njál's house.

Nothing but a Name

Would there not, however, after a bit of thinking, be reason to ask: Who is this Hamlet who is buried here? Certainly not Shakespeare's Hamlet, for whose sake we are visiting the place; neither the Amlethus of Saxo nor even the Amlodi mentioned in an Icelandic verse from the tenth or eleventh century. Nothing but a name, to which first some folklore, then some fiction, and lastly a supreme masterpiece of literature have been attached, while the old Danish prince himself, even if it could be proved that he had existed, would be entirely unknown to us. And—what is in a name?

The astounding achievement of the writers of the Icelandic Sagas was the elevation of the first century of the Commonwealth, 930-1030, to an heroic age, to give such a lustre to an age so near in time, to the small dealings between people in horsey surroundings, to make the events at the same time so grand and so real. The background for it all is a conception of life with the three essential components: implacable fate, the duty to meet that fate with unflinching courage, and the estimation of honour as the only reward for a life *sans reproche* and a death *sans peur*. As compared with the traditional type of hero, the beardless Njál, who never wields a sword and seems only to want peace for himself, his family and friends, does not seem well qualified to be the principal character of a saga, and nevertheless he is the unquestionable hero of the saga which is named after him. His life is not a fight against any human foes, but against fate itself, and the arms he takes up must be confined to warnings and wise counsels. But every time he has made a particularly clever move in this drawn game, it is counteracted or even turned against himself.

It is a story of the vanity of human wisdom,

all the more heroic because Njál himself knows the whole time how all his best efforts will come to nought or worse than that. But at last he gives in. It is discreetly hinted at in the saga, that he has long known how he will meet his death. Nevertheless he compels his gallant sons to enter the farmhouse, instead of fighting in the open. Let fate have its way, provided there can be an end to the strife! It is meant as a sacrifice to peace, an atonement, and Njál's dead body is also later described as the radiant body of a martyr. In the burning house he speaks words of consolation to the wailing womenfolk: 'God is merciful, and will not let us burn both in this life and the life to come'. He has accepted fate as a merciful Providence.

Voice of the Old Pagan Spirit

But we hear at the same time the voice of the old pagan spirit, like the rumble of a past thunderstorm. When Njál's daughter-in-law promises to urge her father and brothers to avenge the burning, Njál says: 'You will be acting as you should, because you are a noble woman'; and Njál refuses the offer to leave the burning house with the words: 'I am an old man and little fit to avenge my sons, and I do not want to live in shame'. This may look like inconsistency in the description of his character, but with its blending of resignation and reaction to the new state of things, it certainly gives a true picture of the age when the saga was written.

Seen from that point of view, *Njála* is the ripe and in some respects the over-ripe fruit of the classic saga-writing; we might, with the words of W. P. Ker in mind, say the medieval swan song of the old spirit of the Germanic race.—*Third Programme*

The Address

He did not think that he would care,

After that last shrugged-off caress,
That one should still be here, not there,

The distance might be more or less
And more or less each one's despair

When he was given that address.

He did not think that he would lie

Upon the grass where they had lain,
Willing upon the vacant eye

A face he would not see again—
Each face beneath that midnight sky
Become a face that brought him pain.

He did not think that he would take

Train, bus and mule to find that spot
Sealed in the hills beside a lake

When everything was green with rot;
But otherwise how could he break
That odd and unrelenting knot?

He did not think he'd care at all,

Being so tricked, but nonetheless

His body ached as from a fall.
Strange that the cause of his distress
Should be a thing so very small—
A false address, a false address.

FRANCIS KING

From Wordsworth to Yeats

By PETER URE

YEATS is at the heart of both the books I am considering here: *The Romantic Survival* by John Bayley* and *Romantic Image* by Frank Kermode†. They are arranged so that each culminates about two-thirds of the way through in an extended study of his poetry. After they have finished these, their writers turn to other things: Mr. Bayley gives us two long essays on W. H. Auden and Dylan Thomas, and Mr. Kermode discusses the historical factors that have helped to form the dominant modern taste in poetry. I do not want to give the impression that the last two portions of either book are of a make-weight character and do not arise from what has gone before; but I want to begin by looking at the first sections first.

They touch at many points. Both give us a sense of the splendid arch made by the romantic movement from Wordsworth to Yeats. Not all its sections receive equal illumination. In Mr. Bayley the symbolists of the 'nineties and in Mr. Kermode the great Victorian poets (except for a rather badly distorted view of Matthew Arnold) remain rather vaguely out of focus. But both writers come to similar conclusions about what romantic poetry developed into—and I mean conclusions, because they start with entirely different premisses. What they share is the conviction that Yeats solved the problem that had nagged away at his predecessors, about the relation of poetry to life, and the poem to action. As Mr. Bayley puts it, all the conflicting passions

are compatible in the . . . mind that will not commit itself to anything but the poetry it can make of them . . . [there is for Yeats] nothing which poetry must seek to become a part of, rather than to absorb into itself.

Or, as Mr. Kermode puts it, commenting on Yeats' heroic perseverance, 'he did not walk out of his dream, but simply extended it to include everything, and went on being a poet till he died'. And both critics would agree that what made it possible for the romantic tradition to travel on for another fifty years under Yeats' triumphant captaincy was the booster provided by the French and English symbolists at the end of the nineteenth century.

Different Methods and Interests

I have said that these two writers start with different premisses and their methods and interests do not correspond when they are describing how the history worked out. Bayley is the more random and discursive. In his chapters on the 'romantic dilemmas' he has some suggestive things to say about how the example of Coleridge and Wordsworth emancipated the poet but also loaded him with responsibilities that were too large. Again, if you were seeking, in Wordsworth's famous catch-phrase, to be a man speaking to men, any poetic form came to seem a barrier: could not the nakedness and directness which were sought transmit better in prose? Prose, as Bayley is well aware, was ready to

move in; romantic theory liberated many provinces of the imagination, but it was the Victorian novelist, not the poet, who best exploited them. So what looked like freedom for poetry became in the end a new servitude. Poetry was relegated to the irrational, the dreamy, the romantic in the bad sense—worlds away from substantiating Wordsworth's original claim that the poet 'principally directed attention to knowledge which all men carry about with them and to the sympathies of daily life in which all men are fitted to take delight'. This narrowing of poetry's dimensions is what Yeats faced and overcame at the end of the century.

The Poet's Business

Kermode's method is more exact, and his book has an orderliness which the other, more impressionistic, study lacks. He argues that from Coleridge to Yeats the dominant romantic tradition gives evidence of a shared complex of ideas about what the poet ought to be and do. This tradition held that the poet's business is not to exercise his meddling intellect, but to create images which have the paradoxical quality of unchanging life. He can only do this because he is a special kind of person: the typical romantic poet thinks of himself as isolated from the ordinary world of action and yet as one in whom the drive towards action may be very strong all the same, and because it is often frustrated, may become painful. The poet then will struggle to escape from his art, and if he is unwilling to compromise he may choose instead to die. In an interesting chapter Kermode gives a reading of Yeats' great elegy 'In Memory of Major Robert Gregory' as a poem about the artist's struggle to escape from the penalties of the imagination.

Criteria for a Good Poem

Using clues such as this, Kermode turns to the product, the work of art itself. He draws up a list of what he takes to be the romantic criteria for a good poem. These include the idea of the poem not as a machine, a thing put together, but an organism, something which has grown. It reveals truth, but not in the way that science or reason do; it is something which is placed beyond the flux of life, and therefore in a sense impassive and dead, but in another sense specially alive, 'a great hawk at rest', as Yeats said; it is something which, when it is complete, seems to have an existence of its own, independent of its creator, to be a 'self-sown, self-begotten shape'. In such poetry meaning and form are identical, co-extensive; body and soul are indistinguishable, the poem does not mean but be. It arises perhaps from intense meditation, but in the finished work itself all intellectual effort must be assimilated into the poem's body. Kermode goes on to show that this condition is emblematised in recurring images in the work of Yeats, and especially in the image of the Dancer, the passionate and rhythmical Salome figure, whose whole body thinks, the emblem in

which there is no division between meaning and form; she has, in Arthur Symons' words, 'the intellectual as well as sensuous appeal of a living symbol'.

The chapters in which Kermode traces the manifestations of this living symbol in Yeats are quite out of the ordinary. I know of no finer criticism of Yeats. It gives us a sense of both his historical affiliations and his living greatness. This is especially true of the brilliant chapter on the Dancer, which is first-class work—scholarship used to reveal, without destroying, the heart of great poetry. Kermode has succeeded in saying something about the nature of the Yeatsian image which others have groped for, but which has not until now been made plain. Yeats' best poetry, then, is to be seen as the flowering of the romantic image of what a poem should be, or, in another metaphor used by this critic, it is the search for the reconciling image, which is beyond life, and yet makes the living themselves seem shadowy; which is 'superhuman', in the words of the second Byzantium poem:

I hail the superhuman;
I call it death-in-life and life-in-death.

Yeatsian 'Quarrel with the Selves'

Some of Kermode's strength and one of the reasons why his own criticism does not murder to dissect is his sense that this search came from a genuine personal compulsion in Yeats. Yeats lived out the romantic poets' struggle with the opposing claims of life and art, creation and toil, the common light of day and the supernatural blaze. The Yeatsian quarrel with the selves, between the self which genuinely desires perfection of the life in management of men or the attainment of wisdom, and the self which is compelled instead to create images, is the reality from which flows so much of the fountaining life and personal accent of the verse. This struggle really did take place; it was not just something which was borrowed from the literary tradition, or invented for the purposes of supplying subject-matter for poems. Kermode is prepared to recognise, in a way that Bayley in his chapter on Yeats is not, the genuine autobiographical element in such a poem as 'The Circus Animals' Desertion':

Now that my ladder's gone,
I must lie down where all the ladders start,
In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.

It is not enough to say with Bayley that this poetic moment is just another traditional pose, a Mask—and in general Mr. Bayley makes too free play with the difficult Yeatsian conception of the Mask. In discussing another poem which dramatises the conflicting impulses towards action and towards dream he says: "The real Yeats" is a misleading phrase, for the appearance of hesitation is itself a Mask, a kind of behaviour that has been meticulously studied'. There is a danger here of seeing Yeats as too impersonally engaged in the manipulation of

roles, and of failing to see his own and other personalities as they appear in the poems not as the great dramatic characters they are, endowed with an incontestable life, but as merely rhetorical themes, from which consistency and genuine passion have been withdrawn. For instance, Yeats does not, as Bayley suggests he does, make the death of Mabel Beardsley 'an occasion for a poem about the author and his views'. The Mabel Beardsley poem 'Upon a Dying Lady' is a poem about courage as actualised in the dying woman; and her lineaments, exact and faithful, are preserved within the context of Yeats' vision. It is no accident that Yeats was so interested in the art of the portrait-painter, in ways in which the living face could become a work of art.

I have suggested that readers of these two books will want to adjust Bayley's perspective a little in the light of Kermode's treatment, and perhaps it is fair to reverse the process. Bayley's book does give us a sense of the immense variety and unfulfilled possibilities of the first romantics. Kermode has rather closed his eyes to this variety, and sometimes I wondered whether his title *Romantic Image* was the best he could have chosen. The use of the word 'image' itself in several senses, to mean poem, emblem, and figure, is obviously deliberate, and not really confusing, and it is one of the great virtues of the book that it shows clearly the broad highway that connects symbolist poetry and theory with Yeats himself; but when the author goes further back to the romantics themselves the path looks more like stepping-stones than the main road. His very exact and powerful understanding of the Yeatsian and symbolist image has caused him to read it a little further back into literary history than it will quite comfortably go, at least as a dominant tradition.

Wordsworth and the 'Leech-gatherer'

The evidence in the earlier part of the book is a little too selective, for example, in its treatment of Wordsworth. Wordsworth appears here virtually as the author of one poem, 'Resolution and Independence', better known as the 'Leech-gatherer'. This is a very Yeatsian poem, that is, it is the sort of poem of which Yeats would have approved, for reasons that Kermode makes very plain. But he does not tell his reader that on the whole Yeats disapproved of Wordsworth. For Yeats, Wordsworth's 'heart that watches and receives' entailed too much passive absorption in nature to be poetically healthy as an example to himself; he complained because Wordsworth seemed to scale down the human figure and magnify the mountain and the lake; the temptation of yielding to nature's sweet profusion was a Wordsworthian threat to Yeats' power to create at all. Yeats' poem 'Demon and Beast' is about this temptation.

On the other side, I do not think Wordsworth the virtuoso of the plain style would have understood the Yeatsian Dancer. We have neglected and made fun of the Wordsworth who wrote those great poems 'Michael' and 'Peter Bell' in favour of the one who wrote the 'Leech-gatherer', and Kermode was justified in selecting from the several Wordsworths the one who best helped him to lay bare the roots of the symbolist aesthetic. But his title might suggest that he is doing rather more than this, and so may lead him to be accused of dis-

regarding the full range and ambitions of the early romantics. Some such choice as 'Symbolist Image' or 'Yeatsian Image' would have indicated more accurately what his book is about.

Historical Placing of Auden

As I have said, in their later sections, these two books part such company as they have hitherto kept. Bayley makes an interesting attempt to place Auden's poetry historically as a variant of romanticism. This is a risky thing to do with a writer who is still writing. Studies of living writers are still not entirely respectable in academic circles: for a good reason, I think. It is hard to fit into the historical jigsaw a piece which is changing its shape even as you handle it. A commentator is useful while the battle is in progress, but the attempt to refer the battle to the historical pattern is not really one for the historian. Bayley does naturally act as a commentator as well, and has several acute observations to make about Auden's shape-changing. His historical placing of Auden, on the other hand, is best represented by his remark that 'Auden is very much a new type of aesthete, who sees art not as a religion but as a game, to be played with as skilful and individual a touch as possible'.

This remark comes in a comparison between two kinds of Auden poem, the discursive kind that is saying something, and the symbolist kind that is naming something. Bayley thinks that Auden is much better at naming; but it hardly seems safe to locate Auden historically on the basis of this opinion. Certainly, in the 'thirties, the way in which Auden seemed to be giving a new turn to the history of poetry was by asserting an anti-symbolist position, to be reclaiming the lost right to say something; and if he has since retreated from this position, it need not mean that the historian will not eventually put him back there, when the battle is over.

An attempt such as Bayley's is threatened, too, with being out of date as soon as it is written; for Auden has since, in the published Oxford lecture, affirmed poetry's function of paying homage to sacred beings or events by naming them. Though this enhances the connection Bayley makes between Auden and the aesthetes, it rather upsets his distinction between religion and game, because paying homage to sacred beings by naming them can so obviously be either religion, or game, or both at once.

Modern Critics

In the last part of Kermode's book he has brought historical analysis to bear on a modern critical tradition which is only just beginning to be seriously challenged. What he finds, as he examines the criticism of Arthur Symons, T. E. Hulme, and T. S. Eliot, is that they all share a common emphasis on the organic unity of the elements in a work of art; they all admire those poets who do not talk about feeling, but in whom feeling and thought cannot be separated. These are the poets who make war on what Yeats called the 'persecution of the abstract'; they try to make 'living symbols' in Arthur Symons' sense, poems which cannot be divided into a soul of meaning or 'message' and a body of rhetoric. Because this is so difficult, the modern critics try to re-write the history of poetry, and indeed of nations, to stress those artists who were most clearly of the kind they

liked. Searching in history for a reason why they found the synthesis so hard to manage, they accept the view, which has gained wide currency in many places outside literature, that somewhere and sometime a kind of intellectual disaster occurred in the mind of Europe, whereby feeling got sundered from thought, and a sensibility in which both were nourished together—what Yeats called Unity of Being—was made almost impossible.

This disaster Yeats called the 'scattering', the 'seeding of the poppy'. He located it somewhere in the Renaissance. Mr. Eliot called it the 'dissociation of sensibility', and put it a hundred years later; he found the change manifest in the difference between Donne, whose poetry shows that he had Unity of Being, and Milton, whom you have to read over twice, once for the poetry and once for the meaning. Kermode argues that this disaster is a myth, that there never was a time of this imagined wholeness of mind in Europe; or, rather, that no disaster ever occurred that makes it any less or any more achievable for individual artists now than it has ever been. It should be emphasised that Kermode is not attacking the kind of poetry that Eliot and Yeats produced, as some reviewers have thought; he is simply doing the scholar's necessary job of questioning their account of literary evolution. He objects to the fact that the story as told by Mr. Eliot has carried such authority that it has shut off large areas of poetry from us and made it difficult for us to enjoy or write poetry which is not in the symbolist tradition.

This matter is one of the chief critical worries of the day. Almost any poem or piece of criticism is at some point referable to it, and Kermode's book is right in the centre of it.

Questions for the Simpleminded

There are a few questions that might occur to the simpleminded reader of poetry. The prospect for him is really rather a gloomy one. He may be comforted by the reflection that in all the dust of battle the status of Shakespeare remains unaltered. For Eliot, he comes before the great divide, and for Yeats he happened out of phase in some way he could not properly explain—perhaps because he created not poems made of images, but images made of people, and so was tied to both art and life.

It is plain that the relative status of Donne and Milton are being revalued still more. Kermode offers us Milton: 'Paradise Lost', he says, is 'the most perfect achievement of English poetry, perhaps the richest and most beautiful poem in the world'. I agree that Milton has been shockingly neglected, though never, I think, really dislodged from the common reader's shelf, and Auden has obviously been reading him lately. But surely all those parts of Milton which belong to the sixteenth-century habit of writing philosophy in rhyme, or the eighteenth-century habit of versifying the truth, have perished utterly. Milton is still enjoyed because he is Shakespearean—his poem is about people; and because he is Symbolist—it contains images. That we cannot help fragmenting him in this way may, of course, just be the result of a bad education, of still looking through the symbolist blinkers.

Yet, looking to the future, it still seems impossible to imagine that great poetry can ever

again be written which will exercise fully the right to discourse in the way that Milton claimed it. One can imagine plenty of pleasant versifying in the manner of Cowper and Donald Davie; and a depressingly big dose of mantic soothsaying in the manner of Blake's Prophetic Books and Miss Kathleen Raine. But great

poetry? No. The situation has changed too much; prose and science have taken over too many of the liberated provinces.

Again, speaking less negatively, the symbolist achievement, as represented by Yeats and Eliot, hardly seems reversible. It was not only a fortress against prose, strengthening by circum-

scribing the resistance of poetry to it, but a genuine discovery, an advance in sophistication, a real step in the progress of poetry. If this is hacked from under our feet, there seems nowhere to go; and Kermode's mythical disasters may be followed by a real one, the collapse of the great poem.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Canadian General Election

Sir,—As a Canadian whose forbears fled north during the American Revolution, who knows Montreal, Winnipeg, and Vancouver and whose family comes from Toronto, may I refer to a point made by M. Henri de Sécur in his letter to THE LISTENER of July 18? He asserts that French Canadian influence is the only thing which prevents the complete Americanisation of Canada. I am sure that a great many of my countrymen will join me in disagreeing.

We Canadians very much appreciate the French Canadian culture in our Eastern Provinces. We love the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Montreal and thank the French Canadians for it: 'Canadien' folklore and music are an integrated part of our national life. But Canada is part of the North American continent and it is inevitable that we should borrow customs and ideas from our neighbours across the border. That which prevents us from becoming 'completely Americanised' is not our prickly minority—far from it—it is our consciousness of being the first Dominion, our belief in the Commonwealth, our loyalty to the Crown. Were it not for these sentiments, so strongly entrenched in the hearts of his English-speaking compatriots, the French Canadian would be an American indeed!—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3 DIANA HAMMOND

Canada's Liberal Years

Sir,—Mr. Tom Kent made some just and illuminating observations on the over-confidence of the Canadian Liberals leading to their defeat in the recent election. But it seems odd that he did not think it necessary to offer any explanation for the existence of such over-confidence in a party which had lost votes in the previous election and secured the support of rather less than half of those voting. The explanation lies in the electoral system (the same as that used to elect the British House of Commons) which had given the Canadian Liberals, for a long time, a parliamentary majority out of all proportion to their support in the country and far greater than is healthy for any party.

Over the last few years, the Proportional Representation Society has repeatedly pointed out that the Canadian Liberals' inflated majority was having upon them the evil effects described by Mr. Kent, that this would undermine their popularity, and that a quite small loss of votes could have a catastrophic effect. But no attempt was made to institute a fairer electoral system, and the consequence is that the Canadian Liberals have suffered overwhelming defeat although still polling two per cent. *more* votes than the Conservatives!—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 ENID LAKEMAN

The Task of the Commonwealth

Sir,—In his talk 'The Task of the Commonwealth' (THE LISTENER, July 11), Professor Rao wonders why Mr. Nehru should have apologised for an article attacking the Queen in a Congress Party newspaper while no leading Conservative apologises for the criticisms of Mr. Nehru that appear in some British newspapers. I can think of two reasons. The newspapers are not official organs of the Conservative Party, in the way that the *Economic Review* is of the Congress Party. More important, the Queen is not a politician and cannot answer criticisms made of her.

Does Mr. Nehru deprecate or apologise for attacks made by Indian newspapers on Pakistan or South Africa?—Yours, etc.,

East Bergholt MARTIN MAUTHNER

The Poet in the Imaginary Museum

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Donald Davie's complaint (THE LISTENER, July 11) that contemporary English poetry for the most part has 'committed itself to the status of being no more than a marginal pleasure, a deliberately and self-confessedly *provincial* utterance'. In the preface to my poem 'In Memoriam James Joyce', to which Mr. Davie refers, I quote with complete approval Mr. Emrys Humphreys' statement:

It is not too soon to say that Joyce saved us from being smothered in the spurious: without Joyce (without Eliot and Pound) the atmosphere of English literature today would be that of the bar of a suburban golf club. Honest, serious, sensitive communication would have become practically impossible.

In the penultimate paragraph of that preface I not only cite M. André Malraux too, but express my agreement with Mr. John Holloway's contention, in his *Third Programme* talk on 'New Territory for the Critic' that the visual arts have been fertilised during the past century by exhibitions of past and present work of many nations, but this has hardly happened in the case of writing.

As Mr. Davie points out my 'In Memoriam James Joyce' is the first of four volumes of one huge poem, but while it deals for the most part with the problem of language, I think it is clear in it, and certainly progressively so in its successors, that my real theme is that expressed by John Keats when he wrote:

The only means of strengthening one's intellect is to make up one's mind about nothing—to let the mind be a thoroughfare for all thoughts, not a select party . . .

of Samuel Johnson's:

I wish there were some cure, like the lovers' leap, for all heads of which some single idea has obtained an unreasonable and irregular possession.

In this poem, and other poems of mine, and in my criticism of English literature and the English-reading public in general, I am concerned with the kind of poetry that requires, in its writer and in its fit readers, some such synthesis of human knowledge as H. G. Wells desired, or as Thomas Davidson had in mind when he wrote in a letter to Wyndham Dunstan:

I think the time has come for formulating into a religion and rule of life the results of the intellectual and moral attainments of the last two thousand years. I cannot content myself with this miserable blind life that the majority of mankind is at present leading and I do not see any reason for it. Moreover I do not see anything really worth doing but to show men the way to a better life. If our philosophy, our science, and our art do not contribute to that, what are they worth?

It is not merely most contemporary English poetry that has committed itself to the status of being no more than a marginal pleasure, but it seems to me true of 99 per cent. of all writing capable of securing any considerable body of readers, a state of affairs more and more pandered to by our big-circulation press, our radio, our platforms, pulpits, and Parliament; and, to quote Thomas Davidson again, I ask:

What shall we say of people who devote their time to reading novels written by miserable, ignorant scribblers—many of them young, uneducated, and inexperienced—and who have hardly read a line of Homer or Sophocles or Dante or Shakespeare or Goethe, or even of Wordsworth or Tennyson, who would laugh at the notion of reading and studying Plato or Aristotle or Thomas Aquinas or Bruno or Kant or Rosmini? Are they not worse than the merest idiots, feeding prodigally upon swinish garbage, when they might be in their father's house, enjoying their portion of humanity's spiritual birthright? I know of few things more utterly sickening and contemptible than the self-satisfied smile of Philistine superiority with which many persons tell me, 'I am not a philosopher'. It simply means this, 'I am a stupid, low, grovelling fool, and I am proud of it'.

Yours, etc.,
Biggar HUGH MACDIARMID

Sir,—Gramophone records and colour photography are surely not the most vital factors in modern art. Mr. Davie in his talk (THE LISTENER, July 11) ignored sociological and philosophical factors, and their associated influence on methods of expression, which are of the greatest importance. Poetry, sharing this common background of human experience, is therefore not so much 'out of step' as he would have us believe.

Furthermore, the gramophone record is an extension in a process and not a revolution. No one would deny the influence of the music of Mozart on Beethoven, or of Beethoven on

Brahms. Indeed, has the revolutionary in present-day music been of the nature that Mr. Davie suggests? This is an age of bold innovation, not of 'picking and choosing from among the styles of the past'.

Surely there comes a time when the past can hinder the present. With 500 years of creative achievement behind it, English poetry can stand on its own feet without drawing upon an alien inspiration and tradition. Is not all progress made at some time by throwing off an old tradition?

As for Mr. Davie's comments on 'provincialism'. To what international tradition did the Greeks, who founded the common European tradition, owe the greatness of their art? Or is Greek art in Mr. Davie's eyes 'provincial' and of 'inevitable marginal importance'?—Yours, etc.,

Sampford Arundel MALCOLM KELSALL

Sir,—What on earth does Mr. Davie mean by 'putting the house of English poetry in order'? How is it 'not before time'? And how is this 'house' to be replaced by a 'humbler structure'?

For myself, I am reminded of how borough councils make food offices of fine houses. Nevertheless, it is to be assumed that the 'house of English poetry' provides, however inadequately, a home for Chaucer, Milton, Blake, Hopkins, and D. Thomas. How is a 'humbler structure' to rehouse these 'quick' gentlemen?

Surely even those 'finely civilised men' (Amis, Enright, and Larkin) who write 'as if past poetry did not exist' will be surprised at the imputations laid at their doors by Mr. Donald Davie. These three minor poets hate sham and love honest thinking. Honest thinking plus technique never yet made a poet of any consequence. Honesty has so little to do with truth that great poets have seldom been engrossed with it. It has, however, helped one or two great critics. Being (among many things) a student of art, I am acquainted with both the quaintly called 'cubist perspective' and Mr. Eliot's 'Waste Land'. Neither reminds me of the other. However, Mr. Eliot is a minor poet—and Mr. Davie has great preoccupation with minor poets.

Mr. Davie has made me into an 'angry young man' but I am glad to raise anger against slipshod thinking.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3

R. S. BAKER

Freud, Marx, and Responsibility

Sir,—Authors are usually rather a bore when they write in protesting that they have been misinterpreted or misunderstood by your correspondents. I have therefore restrained myself to date from taking up some of the points raised about my talks on 'Freud, Marx, and Responsibility' published in THE LISTENER of June 27, July 4, and 11. But I really cannot let Mrs. Cornell get away with what is really a complete misunderstanding of what I have been trying to say.

The story quoted was that Pythagoras, having heard the suggestion that his preoccupation with triangles stemmed from his fear that his wife's affections were straying 'then got up and did nothing further about his theorem'. Now I know that, historically speaking, there is doubt whether Pythagoras' theorem is rightly to be attributed to Pythagoras, but my story, of course, assumes that Pythagoras was responsible

for the theorem. Perhaps if Mrs. Cornell had heard the tone of voice in which the culminating remark was delivered, she might have realised that it was meant to be ironical! The point of telling the story was to bring out that scientists and others often have peculiar motives for working on certain problems, but that this has little bearing on the value of their work.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1 RICHARD PETERS

Sir,—Dr. Peters appears to be in a muddle about economic determinism and that sort of thing. He should at least know that neither Marx nor any of his followers have ever declared themselves to be economic or any other kind of determinists. On the contrary they have vehemently and persistently repudiated any such suggestion.

Nor would it appear from their behaviour that they are determinist, for if they were they would have nothing to do but prophesy the inevitable coming of socialism and sit comfortably in their armchairs, whereas to everyone's annoyance they rush about organising, propagandising, and exhorting as though the coming of socialism depended entirely on their efforts to convince us. They seem rather to agree with Marx than with Dr. Peters that the upshot of the struggle is 'either the transformation of society or the common ruin of the contending classes'. Not much determinism about that.

I think the source of Dr. Peters' mistake is that he imagines a free decision to be one without a cause or reason. Suppose a group of scientists, accompanied by a medical team, are working on a project in West Africa. They discover the presence of the malaria mosquito. If I say that they will *inevitably* take the necessary steps to protect themselves and eliminate the mosquito because they know what they *must* do, am I asserting that they are determinist? Is their sense of responsibility undermined? On the contrary they are free because they *know* what they have to do. If they are ignorant they are the helpless victims of circumstances. They are determined. Now what Marx says about inevitability is about this kind of necessity, in which the last and most vital factor is scientific understanding.

Rightly or wrongly, the Marxist sees the necessity of social reorganisation if the full resources of industry are to be developed and made available not only for western nations but for backward and undeveloped areas. The recognition of this necessity is a matter of intellectual understanding. Only when it is *understood* as doctors, scientists, engineers understand what has to be done to achieve the results they desire will such a reorganisation be carried out. This is not determinism but what Whitehead called 'the practicability of purpose', or effective freedom. So far from spreading irresponsibility it is the necessary condition of responsible decision.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.10

JOHN LEWIS

George III 'Restored'

Sir,—I did not hear Derek French's talk, but the interesting, though short, account in THE LISTENER of July 4 leaves some questions unanswered.

Dunston Pillar stands beside one of the best and still uncrowded motor roads in the country. I have driven by it many times, both when George III stood proudly atop and since he has

been removed and the pillar lopped. I have always understood that the original purpose of the pillar was a land lighthouse to guide travellers across the heath. Though the present neat fields and trim hedges give little appearance of heath, the road is lonely and passes through few villages. One can easily imagine that in the days before the land was enclosed and before Telford and Macadam got to work, a lighthouse, or landmark, was a great help to travellers. I believe that the tower on the moor, on towards Boston, served a similar purpose.

I seem to have heard recently that the pillar is to be restored to its original form, and some sort of lantern put on top. Maybe the news that the statue of George III is to be erected elsewhere supports this. If not, what is to be done with the stump?

To read that the statue was removed and the pillar reduced 'for security reasons' sounds as if George III was spying on nearby Waddington aerodrome and the many bombers that took off from there during the war. He was well placed for it, and that was his undoing. Did not the height of the pillar constitute a danger to low-flying aircraft from the nearby airfields?

Yours, etc.,

Saffron Walden

F. THOMPSON

Pass the Seaweed

Sir,—I was most interested to learn from your correspondent Miss Marjorie Donald that she has found samphire growing in the estuary of the Beaulieu river. I have in fact seen it growing, in varying quantities, in several different parts of the country, but it seems that only in the sites I described does it grow in such profusion, and it is only in that area that it is generally gathered and eaten. Certainly it would taste salty if eaten raw. I have never heard of its being used in this way in salads before and it sounds an excellent idea.

Shakespeare in Act IV, Scene 6 of 'King Lear'—

... half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice—

was of course referring to a different kind of samphire: rock samphire, which grows on cliffs.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

HARDIMAN SCOTT

The Englishman's House

Sir,—Regarding the explanation of the origin of the Chester Rows (THE LISTENER, July 4) I remember attending, about 1950, an illustrated lecture about the city, given at the Grosvenor Museum, Chester, by the Director, then Mr. Graham Webster. He suggested, I think, that the Rows had been built on the rubble of Roman buildings, and that this was the reason for their unique character. This idea is also favoured in Muirhead's *Blue Guide to England*, and if the street map of Chester in that book is studied, and the position of the Rows noted, it will be noticed that they are found on the four main streets which probably closely follow the lines of the main streets of the Roman fort. If it is realised that the present city walls follow the line of the Roman defences along all sides except the south, then the above conclusion becomes likely.

Yours, etc.,

Halifax

DONALD HAIGH

Gardening

Work in the Flower Garden

By F. H. STREETER

HAVE you noticed how the border carnations and pinks are coming back into favour? Now is the time to increase the stock of carnations by layering. By layering young growths every year, you will keep your beautiful plants and always have a good show. If you leave them alone they will soon run out and become weak and liable to disease. So layer a fresh batch every year. With pinks it is best to take cuttings; put them in sandy soil round the edge of 60-sized pots and place in a shaded frame. Water the cuttings well in. They will root easily and quickly and soon give a good stock.

Do not forget to prick out your young seedlings cinerarias. Use plenty of flaky leaf soil in the compost. I should use cutting boxes for this first move from the seedling stage—that will ease the watering. Keep them in a frame facing north as they do not like the sun. Use rain water if you can and watch for that wandering slug. Cinerarias are fascinating plants to grow and will give you a show for months: they are the very plants to follow the bulbs. Freesias love a

long slow season of growth and you should pot up the bulbs now in 7- or 6-inch pots and start them in full light in a frame facing north and keep the soil moist, not wet. Do not forget to mix a little sifted cow manure in the compost, they love that. Freesias can be grown from seed.

If you want a fine batch of fuchsias this is the time to take the cuttings. Put, say, three cuttings about five inches long round the edge of a 60-sized pot in sandy soil. Keep them close and moist as well as shaded until they have rooted nicely, then pot them off singly. When you are growing fuchsias, do not stop the leading shoot. Let it keep growing but stop every shoot at the first pair of leaves each time. Keep the plants growing; do not rest these freshly rooted cuttings. This is just the opposite to the old plants which need a real rest after their summer display. Start them off again in the spring and you will have some beautiful fuchsias.

Do not forget to pot your winter-flowering zonals (*Pelargoniums*) into six-inch pots. Keep all the flowers picked off and the young shoots

stopped, and once they have rooted to the side of the pot, start to feed them—build up the growths and they will give you one of the finest displays you ever saw in the late autumn. They go well with chrysanthemums too, and the zonals fill up those little baskets and bowls on the tables. Stand these zonals out of doors in full sunlight and air and get them strong.

Large-headed hydrangeas: now is the time to put the cuttings in singly in a small pot filled with sandy soil. Water each cutting well in and stand them in a close, shaded frame again. If you want really good blue hydrangeas ask your nurseryman for the blue varieties. Watch that there is no lime in the water. Use rain water for hydrangeas whenever you can.

Here are a few reminders: Start feeding your winter-flowering carnations as soon as the roots are through to the side of the pot. I would not let them start flowering yet. Plant out your *Campanula Pyramidalis* seedlings on a good rich border. Feed and water your dahlias well. Finally, keep all the old flowers or any seed pods picked off your rose trees.—*Home Service*

Four Poems

La Deuxième Sexe

Not just one haystack
But a whole field of haystacks,
Firm, plump, conical,
Sun soaked, wind scarred,
By moonlight monumental.
It's not as if one feared
To make a move, commiserate
With another by the way;
It's just that each has its own knack
Of living with a shadow.
What was grass once,
Tickled and swayed,
Now broods in the middle distance,
Saved for whatever fork
Is destined to gather it.
Not stiff, nor bowed,
Nor yet by any means importunate,
Each shape describes itself
A little too roundly on its own behalf,
And not too steadily
Being at a standstill.

PATRICIA AVIS

The Grandmother

Three years ago there died my grandmother,
The good old soul! and at her funeral
They wept aloud—my parents, friends and all,
Sincerely feeling grief they could not smother.

But I—I roamed the house in sheer surprise
Rather than grief; and when my footsteps came
Close to her coffin, someone said 'For shame!',
Hearing no sobs, seeing no tear-dimmed eyes.

The loudest sorrow is the soonest sped;
Other emotions, cheerful, saddening,
After three years have altered everything:
In all those hearts her memory is dead.

But I—I dream; remembering, I weep;
After three years time strengthens grief in me;
And like a name that's carved upon a tree,
Her memory grows inwards, deep, how deep!

BRIAN HILL,
after Gérard de Nerval's 'La Grand'mere'

The Lessons

Once, long ago, I could not swim;
Floating between the sun and sand
Or rocked beside the water's rim,
I saw the world beneath my hand,
A place where others splashed at play
So far away, so far away.

Then slowly I was taught the trick
Through days of striving, days of fear,
When I wouldgulp and clutch and kick;
Till all at once that world came near,
The place where others moved at will
Like giant fish to prey and kill.

It was so effortless, how strange
It took so long to get the knack,
As though my body had to change
Or grow some sense it used to lack:
Lacked still by those who on the shore
Watched now as I had watched before.

But sometimes as I hang between

The wave that comes, the wave that goes,
I see what all these lessons mean:
How could I, even if I chose,
Now let another swimmer drown?
And how could I myself go down?

FRANCIS KING

Hell lies about us

Hell lies about us in our infancy:
Being buried in uncandled dark and rage,
Weeping the theft of daylight tokens gone,
Belong there, heavy fragments. No later age

Can stop the crevices through which I catch
Glimpses of an individual pit,
Between one lost encounter and the climb
Up the steep night stair, look down at it:

What is the place, and why?—I dare not guess,
Because I helped to make its quality
Between being nothing and offering no way back
To some place better than itself. I see,

Over the brutal silence of the street,
Beyond the lamp, caves where the foundered
live
In disgrace with the raw and bitter edges of
things,
Apart, with nothing whatever to forgive.

KENNETH GEE

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

In his introduction to the catalogue of Mr. Leon Golub's paintings at the Institute of Contemporary Arts Mr. Robert Melville seems to be puzzled, as well he might be, by the artist's references to Greek sculpture. As Mr. Melville observes in so many words, anything less like the art of the fourth century before Christ than Mr. Golub's paintings it would be difficult to imagine, but then Mr. Golub has said that modern man can only understand the Dionysiac and Scopaeic aspects of Greek art 'because that is what corresponds to modern destiny'. So Mr. Melville is drawn into a tangled argument which reaches at last the strange, not to say daring, conclusion that Mr. Golub's images 'arise from the same ethical preconceptions which lead others to a way of painting which finds its aptest analogies in some of the involuntary functions of the human body'.

But is modern destiny really the concern of painters? No doubt some of them think it is and then they are apt to utter profundities which receive attention because it is supposed that they are a verbal equivalent of what their art is designed to express. They may talk, for example, about disintegration and the atom bomb and then we are to observe with satisfaction that any disintegration which their style may exhibit is a proper comment on the times in which they are living. But such correspondences are remote and fanciful and almost always lead to confusion; on the whole it seems better to listen with patience to what artists may choose to say about our destiny but to conclude that their art, at any rate, is not an oracle. Mr. Golub's large paintings of agonised and alarming figures are powerful and disquieting, they have a real amplitude of form and display some originality of vision, but as statements about the artist's ethical preconceptions they leave, we may be glad to find, a good deal out.

Two summer exhibitions, at the Beaux Arts and the Gimpel Fils Galleries are interesting miscellanies. At the Beaux Arts Gallery there is a most curious conversation piece, 'Nell and Jeremy Sandford', in which the two figures are whelmed in a wild confusion of kitchen implements and packaged foods. The artist has evidently allowed his collector's instinct, which pounces on cardboard boxes of cereals as avidly as others will grasp at porcelain or books, to obliterate almost all trace of composition, but it is a failing which he has admirably overcome in a second picture here, 'Interior, Greenwich'.



A new acquisition by the National Gallery and now on view there: 'The Trinity appearing to S. Clement', by Tiepolo; it is thought to be the preparatory *modollo* for a large altarpiece painted by him for Schloss Nymphenburg

Mr. Geoffrey Long shows some bright and attractive landscapes in a style which seems to derive from the later works of Cézanne, and Mr. Denis Wirth-Miller has two landscapes in which he contrives an interesting effect of space out of very little material. The paintings and sculpture at the Gimpel Fils Gallery are for the most part abstract or nearly so and they include good examples of the work of Mr. Lynn Chadwick, Mr. William Gear, and M. Soulages. There is an unusual painting by Nicolas de Staél, 'Les Indes Galantes'; it is in the style of his well-known monumental abstractions but more or less recognisably a nude, and it is by no means without subtlety of design in spite of the extreme simplification of the forms.

Mr. John Piper and Mr. Michael Rothenstein share an exhibition at the Zwemmer Gallery; appropriately so, for both artists are addicts of ingenious pictorial processes which vary and refine the surface of the picture. Besides landscapes in his familiar manner Mr. Piper has several watercolours of what he calls foliage heads, designs which perhaps derive from Gothic sculpture, much in the style of his

recent work in stained glass and with an effective simplification which may derive from his use of that medium; the colour is luminous and seductive. Mr. Rothenstein's works are all linocuts but to this not very exacting medium he has added all sorts of embellishments and complications; it is a good idea to apply such refinements of technique to creatures like owls or cockerels which he seeks to endow with a fierce vitality, but the true Picasso-esque energy is apt to be lacking.

The St. George's Gallery has made a bold attempt to increase the popularity of prints by modern artists by producing a film in colour, now being shown at the Academy Cinema, which shows artists making prints in six different mediums. At the same time the Gallery is holding an exhibition of thirty-two prints. The artists represented include Mr. Cecil Collins, Mr. Merlyn Evans, Mr. William Gear, Mr. Patrick Heron, Mr. Ceri Richards, and Mr. Julian Trevelyan, so the choice of prints is thoroughly eclectic, intentionally so, for it is pointed out that much depends on 'an exploitation of the potentialities of print-making'. There is an obvious danger that the print-making artist may become immersed, like any typographer, in subtleties which only he can appreciate, but as a whole the exhibition is well chosen to demonstrate that there is a variety of processes

which can be used with impunity by artists who are not in general excessively concerned with the minutiae of technique.

François Gauzi knew Toulouse Lautrec well; he has not much to say about him in *My Friend Toulouse Lautrec* (Spearman, 12s. 6d.) but what he does say will be of interest to scholars. It is clear that although Lautrec was in truth a deformity who drank himself to death at an early age, he had a great deal of fun during his short life. This is indeed largely an account of student rags and pranks in the Paris of the eighteen-eighties and, like other such accounts, it is sometimes a little flat. It is however reinforced by the hitherto unpublished photographs with which it is illustrated. Here we have Lautrec disguised as a Spanish dancer, a Roman senator, or the Mikado, the girls in the brothel of the Rue d'Amboise—looking very much like a bevy of rather plain schoolgirls enjoying a dormitory romp—and photographs of Carmen, Suzanne Valadon and Hélène Vary, all of whom look intensely serious, natural, chaste, and beautiful. These illustrations are in fact the best thing in the book and would in themselves justify its existence.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Sea Dreamer: a Definitive Biography of Joseph Conrad. By Gérard Jean-Aubry. Translated by Helen Sebba. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

IN NOVEMBER OF THIS YEAR we arrive at the hundredth anniversary of Conrad's birth, so this book makes an opportune appearance. Conrad is not only one of the greatest but also, in his person, one of the most enigmatic of our novelists. But it is not true to say (as the blurb does) that 'little is known about him generally, beyond the fact that he was himself once a sailor, and that the language he handled with such mastery was not the one to which he was born'. We already know a great deal about Conrad's life, and our knowledge is due principally to the author of the present volume, one of Conrad's close friends, for in 1927 he published his *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters*, until now the chief biographical source-book. M. Jean-Aubry now refers disapprovingly to his earlier effort as a mere rough sketch, published reluctantly, 'preliminary to the precise and detailed account I had in mind'. The present title leaves no room for doubt that here at last we have that precise and detailed account—with a claim for finality thrown in for good measure. But nowhere is there any acknowledgement that the new book clings, with only a few loose and unfamiliar folds, to the framework of the old. Large tracts of the earlier book are repeated almost word for word, the arrangement of chapters is almost identical, save for the interpolation of three new sections, and chapter-headings are copied with but slight variations.

Most of the new material is derived from Conrad's letters to his aunt, Madame Poradowska, which the author had not seen before his earlier publication, and on researches into the novelist's visit to Mauritius in 1888 as captain of the *Otago*. Marguerite Poradowska was not really his aunt but a distant relative by marriage. She was a Frenchwoman from Lille, a year or two younger than Conrad, and herself a writer who had already published a novel. He met her in Brussels in 1890, only a few months after that September morning, described in *A Personal Record*, when he sat down in his London lodgings ('in the simplicity of my heart and the amazing ignorance of my mind') to write the first words of his first book. He had then no thought of retiring from the sea, but this meeting and their subsequent correspondence over the years must have given persuasive direction to his new activity.

Conrad the sailor had such an adventurous life that it would be difficult to make anything dull out of it. Difficult, but evidently not impossible. This book serves well enough as an outline of the physical facts. There is no attempt at serious literary appreciation, and no reference is made to any of the well-known English studies. 'To have the gift of words is no such great matter,' said Conrad. As Dryden said of Aristotle in a different context, had he known what was to come later he might have changed his mind. The most irritating blemish here is the 'dramatic' eruption of passages in the historic present, a device that is cheap and

cheapening. 'Definitive' is a bold word, an ambitious word, singularly inappropriate in connection with the Conrad who spoke of our world as a place 'where no explanation is final'. Definitive? No, it cannot be said that the Lord has set his seal on this book.

Angkor: Art and Civilization

By Bernard Groslier and Jacques Arthaud. Thames and Hudson. 84s.

The ruins of Angkor, in the jungles of Cambodia close to the Siamese border, have always been among the most inaccessible sites of the world's great architecture, in this respect only paralleled by the Maya ruins in Yucatan and Honduras. This has been the greater loss to students of comparative art because the use of proportion on an enormous scale is an integral feature of these two exotic styles, and even the most meticulous verbal descriptions, together with photographs of details, could convey only a faint shadow of the grandeur and beauty of these strange edifices.

For Angkor the situation is now changed with the publication of this magnificent book by Bernard Groslier and Jacques Arthaud (Groslier being responsible for the text, the selection of photographs and a few of the photographs themselves, Arthaud for the great majority of the 120 photographs) to whose names should certainly be joined that of M. François Cali, who was responsible for the lay-out. By using every resource of modern photography from aerial pictures to enlargements, and every device of reproduction from folding pictures floated over three quarto pages downwards, they have conveyed as completely as would appear possible in a single volume the values of this art where the major buildings cover a square mile and some of the most exquisite sculpture and decorations are only a few centimetres high.

The book, of course, is not faultless. The five-colour illustrations are unnecessary and, in a way, dishonest; accidents of light and reflection have been skilfully chosen, probably long awaited, to record transient effects which are quite unrepresentative. Far too many of the photographs have no indication of scale in the captions at the end of the book; the selection of buildings to be detailed is, inevitably, somewhat arbitrary and any specialist in the area will find some omissions to deplore; these exceptions apart, the photographic section of the volume is a masterpiece of selection, reproduction and book-making.

The fairly long text is a somewhat different matter. M. Groslier has not only described the different buildings and sculptures illustrated (marginal notes indicate each occasion that a plate is relevant to the text) but has tried to give some account of the history and customs of the Khmer kingdom, an absolute monarchy, deriving its religions, its iconography and its literature from Hindu India, and based on an elaborate system of irrigation, a typical 'Oriental despotism' in Karl Wittfogel's terminology. This account is barely satisfactory; sources are not indicated; instead in the preface M. Groslier writes 'If this sketch offers certain

unexpected features, I would ask the reader to believe that it is based on the most recent discoveries, for the most part still unpublished, and supported by sound arguments'.

This belief is somewhat difficult to grant to the most revolutionary portion of the text, a reversal of the traditional evolution of the Khmer style and the consequent dating of the buildings. Angkor Wat itself, this stupendous tomb-temple with more than 12,000 square yards of bas-relief sculpture covering a ground-plan nearly a mile square, is firmly dated as being built in the first half of the twelfth century. Besides this masterpiece, there are two major groups of buildings: the walls and gateways of Angkor Thom with its central temple of the Bayon (with pardonable exaggeration M. Groslier calls this 'the most amazing piece of architecture in existence') are roughly and badly built, but most daringly decorated so that the buildings themselves are sculptures; secondly there are the much smaller buildings, typified by Banteai Srei, carved with extreme delicacy and reproducing in miniature the large architectural features of the other buildings. The older tradition was that the rudely worked buildings, like the Bayon, preceded the building of Angkor Wat, and the delicate miniatures came subsequently, as it were a decadence. M. Groslier reverses this order, placing Banteai Srei at the end of the tenth century, and the Bayon at the beginning of the thirteenth, describing it as the final flowering of the Khmer genius, created under the impetus of King Jayavarman VII (1181-1218) a Khmer analogue to India's Asoka. This revised dating appears to be based on epigraphy, but the evidence is not given here; and on the general principles of the development of architectural techniques and artistic styles it raises a number of problems.

The translation, by Eric Ernshaw Smith, appears accurate enough, but it is stiff and inelegant (the original French, one suspects, was full of fine writing) so that one is always conscious of reading a translation; there are numerous gallicisms, particularly in the technical terms of architecture and iconography, and all measurements are left in the metric system. Had the text stood alone, the reviewer would have had to make a number of reservations; as a setting for the photographs it is adequate enough; and the book as a whole must be considered one of the most desirable, beautiful and instructive volumes produced in very many years.

Radiation, what it is and how it affects you. By Dr. J. Schubert and Dr. R. E. Lapp. Heinemann. 18s.

Atomic Radiation and Life. By Peter Alexander. Penguin Books. 3s. 6d.

The first of these books, by two American scientists, stresses the danger to mankind of the radiations which come from artificially produced radioactive matter—such as the atom-bomb—and even from the X-ray to which a patient might be subjected by his surgeon or dentist. They point out that as we have no sense organ to respond to these radiations damage can be done to ourselves, and even to our descendants,



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In February this year the report of the Federation of Malaya Constitutional Commission was published. Their recommendations have now been considered by a Working Party in the Federation and Her Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom. Details of the more important changes now proposed are described in this White Paper. (Cmnd. 210) 5s. 6d. (post 4d.)

The Report of the Federation of Malaya Constitutional Commission is still available price 8s. (post 7d.)

H M S O

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without our knowing it, if we are subjected to certain intensities of these radiations. They first describe how the radiation they are discussing is made, how it is measured, and how it affects our bodies, and then what are the main consequences. A large dose of radiation at one go is much more dangerous than the same amount received in smaller doses at intervals. Very small amounts do no harm at all. Larger amounts lead to changes in the blood. Still larger may bring on cancerous conditions and diseases like leukemia. Larger still kill the average patient within a month. The authors take a very serious view of the 'atomic-bomb' warfare which exposes large civilian populations not only to the radiation released at the moment of the explosion but to radiations from the dusty products which may linger for days.

The book is for the general reader, but he must have some knowledge of chemistry, physics, and physiology if he is to appreciate many of the points the authors are making. They write with great earnestness. They are sure that we must keep nuclear tests at a minimum and seek by scientific research for every possible protection against radiation if we are not to endanger the health of the present and future generations. A good book for the serious reader.

Dr. Alexander, the author of the second book, looks at the problem not less earnestly but more academically than Dr. Schubert and Dr. Lapp. His book, excellent as it is, will appeal more to the university man than to the general reader. He covers the same ground as the other authors but in a less detailed manner. Like them he emphasises the danger of atomic radiation to those exposed to it at the present time but he feels sure that once we know what chemical changes occur when the cell gets damaged by the radiation, protection against its harmful effects will be rapid. He believes that discoveries in biochemistry will minimise the present harmful effects of radiation on our bodies but he emphasises that the key discoveries in this subject have still to be made. He has written a fascinating book for a reader prepared to delve at times into physics, chemistry, and biology.

The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence.

Heinemann. 3 volumes, 12s. 6d. each. Unreasonable as we are, we usually start with some sort of prejudice against the verse-writer who is better known as a writer of prose: there is a (very proper) feeling that the two are different mysteries and that the qualities that lead to great mastery in the one are precisely those that are likely to debar from success in the other. Lawrence, especially, may be felt to arouse such a prejudice. His prose is frequently 'poetic' in what is normally regarded as the wrong way—vague, rhapsodic and hammeringly repetitive where it might better be sharp, economical and clear. And such of his verse as is current in 'Selected Poems' or in anthologies is mostly so-called prose-poetry, unrhymed, unmetred, and presenting at least the general effect of being simply a piece of his purple prose reset in a different typography. The casual reader, his acquaintance not extending further than some *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* and *The Ship of Death*, may well be forgiven for presuming that Lawrence was indeed no more than a footnote, albeit a highly interesting one, on the page of twentieth-century poetry.

The issue of the present three volumes, containing as they do the whole corpus of his work, and especially the fascinating early poems which have for a long time been decidedly difficult to come by, should restore the balance and put in a caution. The over-anthologised *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* certainly represents, in some sort, the maturing of Lawrence's powers. But it also displays the ripening of some of his most nagging faults—the bullying, the verbal brutalism, the 'I know better than you, so shut up!' egoism, the belief that a good thing well said is twice as well said if said twice; faults indeed that in another comparatively widely disseminated collection, *Nettles*, proliferate to the virtual exclusion of all that might redeem them. The earlier poems, while perhaps not yet crystallised and set into the forms most truly characteristic of their author's mind, nevertheless represent a very real and almost forgotten achievement. They are mostly free of Lawrence's vices, instinct with a sort of almost touching innocence and humility, while at the same time no less passionate and individual than the later work. They also possess an astonishing variety—striking every note from Hardy to Masefield (in Nottingham dialect) and a number of other notes belonging to scales that are all Lawrence's own. Evidently Lawrence was trying his hand here and there, in an effort to 'find his style'. Yet some of these presumable rejects, or at any rate false alleys (that astonishing and unique poem 'Virgin Youth', for instance), are able to bear comparison with anything that he was to write later.

Few of these poems, whether early or late, are 'perfect' in the schoolmaster's sense. Lawrence was always a man in a hurry, and in his later days a sick man in a hurry; and there is hardly a piece in all these three volumes that is not weaker for a sloppy phrase, a bubble of bombast, a piece of fudged construction. It is Lawrence's triumph that in effect none of this matters: indeed it matters a great deal less than it does in his prose, poetry being in its nature more amenable to licence and oddness of proportion, and it is arguable that Lawrence is a much better poetical *stylist* than he is a prose one—putting aside, of course, the quite different matter of content. What usually happens is that the *whole* of the poem overrides, in impression on the reader, the details of its diction, and the reader is left with, not a memorable phrase in his mind, but an idea, in the Platonic sense, of the poem in question. This may or may not be admirable; but at least there are very few poets of whom it could be said.

Anton Chekhov. By W. H. Bruford. Bowes and Bowes. 7s. 6d.

In three years' time (radio-active fall-out permitting) notice will be taken of the centenary of the birth of Chekhov. Then some who come to him for the first time will be no less fascinated than others who will be re-reading him. 'Just as I shall lie alone in my grave', he wrote in his notebook, 'so, really, I am living alone'. His sense of being alone must have been often intensified, as with other writers, by misunderstanding. Some aspect of a man's work is seized upon by the superficial, they fasten a label on him, and it sticks like glue. Because Chekhov often wrote about ineffectual, drifting people he was himself described, even by intelligent

Russian writers in his lifetime, as gloomy, dreamy, and wistful. But in fact, as Shestov wrote, he had a 'a pitiless talent'.

It is the merit of this little volume in the series of 'Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought' that it sets out to discover what Chekhov was driving at, and how he drove. There are, it is true, occasional glimpses of the academic cloven hoof beneath Professor Bruford's gown. 'Two kinds of interest predominate', he writes, for example, of some of Chekhov's 'stories, 'singly or combined: the psychological and the sociological'. Quite; but how solemnly put! The cloven hoof is functional, and must be allowed for. More pleasing is the no less functional, the practised ability to sort out varieties of the written word, to attempt their analysis, and to pin down what seems to indicate most clearly the writer's intentions and qualities. Professor Bruford gives us a Chekhov whose philosophical outlook he regards as that of 'an unrepentant liberal humanist', whose character was distinguished by 'personal modesty and absolute honesty', and whose strength as a writer 'lay in the presentation of processes and problems, and not of solutions'. He recognises Chekhov's command of simplicity, brevity, and precision. He quotes approvingly Chekhov's desideratum of 'absolute freedom from violence and falsehood', and his saying that 'a writer must be objective as a chemist'. He examines methodically the stories and the plays; and records that Thomas Mann, not long before his death, had come to admire Chekhov as much as Balzac and Tolstoy.

In short Professor Bruford has crammed into a small space a conscientious and sensible introduction to his subject.

The Buildings of England: London (Cities of London and Westminster) By Nikolaus Pevsner. Penguin Books. 15s.

When this remarkable series of guide books was first launched the publishers announced that it was their intention to 'continue it until all the counties of England are covered'. Cornwall, Nottingham, Middlesex, Devonshire, and Durham, as well as the whole of London have now been dealt with and it is good news that arrangements have been made whereby Dr. Pevsner can continue his colossal task. With all his energy and scholarship he is the perfect combination of cataloguer and critic. The amount of sheer physical labour that must have gone into the present volume—hard library research and a steady walking of the streets at the rate of some ten miles a day—is something that hardly bears thinking of.

It is some time since the appearance of *London, except the Cities of London and Westminster* and now, in this volume on the two Cities, we have a real masterpiece of erudition, precision, and informed comment. However rich the counties that remain for Dr. Pevsner to tackle, he must feel that his hardest task is behind him; in territory such as this there are streets in which, for one reason or another, almost every house must get a mention. If there is anything to be said in praise or criticism the author says it—dullness is the only quality in a building which forbids its inclusion.

These guides are intended to be critical; age or association, although not ignored, are not in

themselves sufficient to qualify a building for the guide, but any building, old or new, may be noted and described if it is aesthetically worthy or notorious. This is not only an excellent idea in itself but is highly symptomatic of the position modern architecture has now assumed in the public mind. Fifteen or twenty years ago such a scheme of publishing would have been impossible, whereas today it seems almost inevitable. Here is a most extraordinary inventory of everything in the two Cities that is of any architectural value at all—from the pre-historic to the Pimlico housing scheme. Every building is annotated with a fund of precise and useful information and very often with dry, illuminating and pungent comment. The careful understatement are not the least entertaining part of the book.

It would have been almost impossible to devise a perfect system for such a volume—one that would enable the reader to find easily any particular building. The basic arrangement is one of streets (with some very important buildings treated as if they were streets) in alphabetical order; with, at the end of the book, an index of artists—painters, architects, etc. If you happen to know the street in which your particular building stands, or its architect, all is well. If you know neither, you are sunk. An index of buildings should be added to future editions.

This guide must contain many thousands of facts; if there are errors they must be trifling and this reviewer has found only two—which, significantly, belong to the period after most history books end, but before Dr. Pevsner's arrival in this island—the Cenotaph is not, as suggested, a memorial to the Unknown Soldier, and the Epstein sculptures on the old B.M.A. building at Charing Cross are not 'decayed', they were mutilated.

These are small matters in such a gigantic undertaking, and as the whole scheme moves towards completion it seems probable that the name of 'Pevsner', like that of 'Baedeker', may one day become part of the language.

John Stuart Mill. By Bertrand Russell. Oxford. 3s. 6d.

The Moral Basis of Burke's Political Thought. By Charles Parkin. Cambridge. 12s. 6d.

These two essays are written from opposing points of view: Lord Russell's is in sympathy with the liberal radicalism of its subject, Mill, while Mr. Parkin's is correspondingly right-wing and Burkean. They have, however, more than a little in common; and if Mr. Parkin dissents from Lord Russell's political and philosophical opinions, he would surely not, a Cambridge don himself, deny some debt to his senior contemporary in the matter of marshalling his arguments and expressing his thoughts. For both these essays are distinguished by the elegant lucidity of their style.

The central theme of Lord Russell's pamphlet is that Mill is more important as a political theorist than as a logician or economist. He describes Mill's *Logic* as being, on every subject but induction, perfunctory and conventional, and vastly inferior to Boole; Mill's *Political Economy* he values only for its pronouncements on socialism and communism. In both these works, Mill 'is too ready', Lord Russell says, 'to acquiesce in a traditional doctrine provided

he is not aware of any practical evil resulting from it'. Of Mill's writings on politics, however, Lord Russell writes not only with appreciation, but enthusiasm. He thinks Mill was right to put, as he did, the emphasis on liberty, and wholly correct in his judgement of the forces which were opposed to liberty. Lord Russell praises Mill for his individualism, which he contrasts with the collectivism of Marx 'who substituted Prussian discipline for freedom as both the means and the end of revolutionary action'. The very success of Marx's teaching is one of the reasons why Mill's writings on liberty, far from being dated, increase in value year by year. Lord Russell believes that there is much less freedom in the world today than there was a hundred years ago. Not all readers will agree with him on this point, but few will deny that the forces opposed to freedom are better organised today than they have ever been.

Burke has often been spoken of as an enemy of freedom; and the left-wing image of a die-hard sentimental Blimp denying the rights of man in the name of church and King and ancient families is one that is yet to be erased from the public mind. Mr. Parkin's excellent little treatise should do much to promote a better understanding. Burke, as Mr. Parkin sees him, was essentially a moralist. He believed above all else in the reality of an unchanging moral order; and, while he was willing enough to welcome experiment and innovation in other things, experiment and innovation in morals were to him impious and wicked. This was the basis of his quarrel with the radicals. He saw the French Revolution, for example, as an assertion of an entirely new conception of morality: hence his profound and unyielding disapproval of it.

Burke saw that political liberty could never be absolute, and the limits he set to it were those required by obedience to the law and to God. He was never an individualist in the sense that Mill was one. Indeed he was strongly opposed to those who, with Rousseau, set up the 'inner light' or private conscience as the source of morality. Burke regarded their doctrine as a challenge to God's authority in morals. This is why he called Rousseau an atheist; and why he looked upon their hostility to religion as the central feature of the Jacobins' philosophy.

A sense of a divine order in the social scheme was an important part of Burke's conservatism: 'the awful Author of our being is the Author of our place in the order of existence'. But since temporal institutions were nevertheless man-made institutions, they inevitably contained some element of imperfection. To seek perfection in social arrangements was therefore vain and foolish, and Burke thought it, as Mr. Parkin says, 'no inconsiderable part of wisdom to know how much of an evil ought to be tolerated'. This belief is not cynicism but something more like Christian pessimism.

Social Class and Educational Opportunity. By J. E. Floud, A. H. Helsey and F. M. Martin. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

If sociologists had learnt to write as well as historians this book might have recommended itself to anyone. 'Opportunity' in the title chiefly means opportunity to get a grammar school place at eleven plus.

The authors have selected two 'not untypical'

areas (south-west Herts and Middlesbrough) and examined the social background of their grammar school boys for the past generation and more. Alongside this they have summarised the story of public aid from 'free places' to 'secondary education for all'. At the end certain questions can be answered. For instance: can it be assumed that any child in the country who has something like an I.Q. of 115 gets a grammar school place? Answer: on the whole, yes. Then the present state of things is much better than formerly for the working class? Not entirely. There are more workers' children in the grammar schools than ever before, but they are not 'protected' as formerly and have to compete with children of black-coated parents. (This seems fair enough, though the authors do not say so.) Are there other things which have superseded poverty as impediments to opportunity? Yes, the obstacles are now more subtle. Large families (except, unaccountably, among Catholics) tend to have an unfavourable effect on eleven plus candidates. Most important is the attitude of the parents. (This surely we knew already?) But this obstacle is not so much at eleven plus as later. It curtails grammar school life for many who should stay beyond the statutory limit. Here, however, we cross the frontier to a new study, now being pursued at the London School of Economics as a sequel to this book.

Girls are not included in the present study because data from girls' schools was not accessible. Public schools are outside its prescribed limits. The increasing opportunities to do G.C.E. in a 'grammar stream' in a Secondary Modern school are presumably too recent for inclusion. These omissions necessary to a *quasi* scientific study that must define its limits are a drawback for the ordinary reader. But the style, in which turgid sociological language is married to the monotonous grocery vocabulary ('provision' and 'cater') of modern educational works, is a positive deterrent for which lucid graphs and tables do not compensate.

A Small Part of Time

By Michael Swan. Cape. 21s.

Mr. Swan has brought together various essays on literature, art and travel which have previously appeared in journals. The result is an urbane and stimulating volume. He tells us why Salzburg, contrary to every expectation of the landscape, is a southern town of Baroque churches, why Hemingway is in direct line of descent from Thoreau, why the Andalusian village of El Rocio is the goal of an annual pilgrimage and what that pilgrimage looks like, why Haydon killed himself, why the architecture of Lecce is so odd. And he can tell us because he is aware of the general as well as the particular. He combines the reporter's eye for present detail with the historian's prodigious knowledge of causes. Nothing floats: each event, social or architectural or literary, is worked down into its place in the wide range of human activity. There are particularly effective essays on Norman Douglas and Bernard Berenson. We learn of the tragical-comical explosion that shattered the friendship of Henry James and H. G. Wells. There are also, among other things, studies of Gertrude Bell, Sir Max Beerbohm, Gordon Craig and D. H. Lawrence. Style and comment, one feels, are here most happily applied to congenial matter.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Under the Weather

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO years ago the poet Burns remarked to a mouse 'The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley', and in plain English I said the same thing to myself this morning as I watched a torrent of rain wreck a carefully prepared programme for the day's gardening. And in fact the weather remains even in this electronic and atomic age a nut we have not yet succeeded in cracking. This was forcibly displayed in at least three programmes last week. No. 7 of 'First Hand' told the story of Shackleton's attempt to cross the antarctic continent in 1914. It was illustrated by the original photographs and film taken by Frank Hurley who himself appeared on the screen with others who took part in the ill-fated expedition, and each in turn contributed details of their gruelling experiences which added actuality and vividness to Peter West's report. It was the antarctic weather that finally trapped and wrecked their ship *Endurance*, and Mr. Hurley's film records of this process brought home with sharp conviction the plight of Shackleton and his companions. The programme was an impressive record of human endurance.

In the case of the display of the Royal Navy given in the series 'Now' it was the programme itself that was the victim of the weather, because it had been planned as live television with outside cameras afloat, ashore, and in the air to cover the exercises of a Naval Task Force in the Channel, and the low visibility on Wednesday evening not only made it impossible to carry out some of the planned operations but greatly reduced the definition of things seen out of doors. But lack of definition can add a grim impressiveness to ships looming vaguely on the eye and it certainly did so in this programme.



Two scenes from 'The Royal Navy Now', on July 17: (left) the Navy's sea-to-air guided missile, 'Sea-slug', in flight, and (right) electronically controlled anti-submarine mortars on the frigate *Urania*

John Cura

Luckily a film made a few days before enabled us to see aircraft landing on the *Ark Royal* in rapid succession, which would have been an unwarrantably tricky operation on the actual evening, and the many passages where the weather was shut out and lights turned on, for instance the admirable ones in H.M. Submarine *Talent*, were unaffected and came across brilliantly. The programme was introduced and wound up by the First Sea Lord, Lord Mountbatten, in the Board Room at the Admiralty. Weather or no weather it was an enthralling show.

Finally it was weather, a weather that changed hard frost into deep mud, that turned the battle of the Reichswald from the lightning success for which Sir Brian Horrocks secretly hoped into the long-drawn plodding advance which it turned out to be. This was the last of the present series of talks called 'Men in Battle', on the major battles of the 1939-1945 war, by Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks. In these he draws largely on his own experience, and by his vigorous descriptions of operations in the light of his own problems, hopes, and fears he involves us, too, both intellectually and

emotionally. He is a persuasive talker and has developed, as willy-nilly all good broadcasters do, a television personality entirely his own, but I have wondered lately whether he was becoming too conscious of this personality, forcing it so that it tends to become more of a deliberate performance than a direct communication. This talk was illustrated, like the others, by allied and captured newsreels, but the screen was occupied for most of the time by Sir Brian and his maps, and I found his lively descriptions, reinforced by his indications on the maps of positions and movements, quite as stimulating to the imagination as the film.

A highly successful experiment in the way of character study was a short film showing glimpses of the artist L. S. Lowry in his home, of some of his pictures, and of typical scenes in Manchester on which so many of them are based, and of his hand and brush touching in the kinds of people his pictures include, while his recorded voice rambled on about why he paints (because he wants to), why he paints in the manner in which he does (because that's the way he sees things), and about his complete indifference to what people say or think about his pictures.

During recent weeks I have watched and listened to with increasing delight the repeat of Laurens van der Post's wonderful series called 'The Lost World of Kalahari', which was first given last summer. This is far and away the most beautiful and touching picture of the life, habits, and customs of a primitive tribe that I have seen, and Mr. van der Post's running commentary, which added what pictures cannot show—the honesty, trustfulness and kindness of these innocent little Bushmen—gave depth and intensity to the visual impression.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

All for Love

SIMON CHART must have been tired of London. Certainly he was tired of life. So, after he—and the producer—had let us see the scar on his hand (merely for identification), he jumped off Blackfriars Bridge. At this point an old silent film would probably have offered the jubilant



One of the photographs shown in 'First Hand—7: Endurance', on July 16: members of the Shackleton Expedition waving from the shore of Elephant Island as their rescuers approach in a boat



John Neville as Simon Chart and Margaret Tyzack as Rose Hacker in 'Another Man's Life', on July 21

caption, 'Splash!' When we all came to again, Simon was in a hospital bed. For a moment, perhaps because the title of Sunday night's play was 'Another Man's Life', I assumed that the dear fellow had lost his memory. It seemed that we might have been there before.

No; we had not. Simon, who had resolved upon suicide simply because he was that kind of person, now heard that his rescuer had been drowned. He saw himself as a murderer and proceeded to return, if not to the scene of the crime, to somewhere quite close, the house of the dead man. There, unrecognised by either the mother or the widow, he took a rather cramped room and settled down into a love-story. The room was in S.E.1, a reasonable postal address for the actor, John Neville of the Old Vic. Having got Mr. Neville into apartments at £2 10s. a week (with breakfast, and the Vic presumably a short walk away), the authors, Vera Beringer, who had worked from a novel by Barbara Noble, and Philip Guard, who adapted Miss Beringer's play, had little else to add.

There was Mr. Neville, handsome and appealing. There, too, was Margaret Tyzack, who spoke in charmingly eager little rushes. At this point it appeared to me that nothing could stop Miss Tyzack from serving Mr. Neville with breakfasts and cups of tea for the remainder of the ninety minutes. I thought of the old squirrel's-cage tale of the cabin-boy who said to the sailmaker on a dark and stormy night, 'Come, spin us a yarn', whereupon the sailmaker began with a cabin-boy who said on a dark and stormy night . . . and so on to the end of time. Still, action developed at last. Mr. Neville and Miss Tyzack went to Brighton for the day, walked on the pebbles, and had a serious talk by a groyne. When Miss Tyzack got back to S.E.1, she went with Cousin Ron to Littlehampton, and after her return Mr. Neville (whom I cannot call Simon Chart) accepted the situation gallantly and walked off across Blackfriars Bridge. Would he jump again? No. He had a song in his heart; love had saved him, and that was that.

I am certain there was more in the play than this. Thinking back, I remember Mr. Neville being told at the hospital that he had two lives now, and his protest that he could not even manage his own. I remember him—Simon, that is—receiving a stern reprimand from his sister; and Miss Tyzack working a sewing-machine; and Mum (Beatrice Varley) looking harassed

and, later, turning from a fairly mum Mum to a sword in Simon's conscience. A few agreeable shots of Brighton (which lacked Mr. Patrick Hamilton, Mr. Graham Greene, or the Prince Regent), a stroll on the pier, a view of the Thames from Blackfriars Bridge, and there we were—with one important exception.

The exception was Mr. Neville himself. One can murmur about the play but not about Mr. Neville's performance. He has more than a handsome profile; he has sincerity (a word used sometimes as a pejorative), a splendid voice, and much persuasive power. He is the best young actor the Old Vic has had for years, and it is oddly snobbish to undervalue him because the gallery

has taken him to its heart. This performance on Sunday night did a lot for a piece that might well, I fear, have been one of the scripts that its own Simon Chart (a film company's reader) would have recommended. During September Mr. Neville is to appear in S.E.1 in that rather better play, 'Hamlet'. Meanwhile, his Simon has taken arms against a sea of troubles and shown what gentleness and truth can do with a play that reminded me of Polly Eccles on red-currant jam: 'At the first taste, sweet; and, afterwards, shuddery'. He could cope even with a scene in which, feverish, he babbled of roses at two in the morning while Miss Tyzack (anxious in plaits) bent beseechingly over him. I did want to know about that scar on the hand. Shakespeare, who knew how to employ moles on the brow and neck, might have done something more with a scar than to use it up in the first few minutes. Miss Beringer, Miss Noble, and Mr. Guard just pushed it in for good measure, or, maybe, to satisfy Mr. Clayton, the producer, who had not much to do.

My sentimental soul was entertained further by a first instalment of 'Villette', which looks like growing well, and has Jill Bennett to stand plausibly for Lucy-Charlotte over the water; and by Pat Kirkwood's singing of 'Transatlantic Lullaby' (in 'From Me to You'), a song that summoned one of those halcyon revue nights at the Ambassadors.

Tougher work in 'Wideawake' which proved at last that Charles Lloyd Pack was the man (one I had never suspected all along)—and a dead shot into the bargain. There was even tougher work in the 'Jimmy Wheeler Show'. There, when we heard of a boy who wanted sixpence instead of threepence for an errand because he was play-

ing 'marbles', Mr. Wheeler asked if the boy was in earnest ('Ernest'—see?), and we all rocked. I daresay we did.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Hell's Angels

D. G. BRIDSON's prodigious production of Wyndham Lewis' 'Human Age' trilogy, first broadcast in the Third Programme on alternate evenings of one week in 1955, has just had a repeat staggered over three successive weeks. I engaged to hear the whole six hours of it in one day instead and was even more staggered. For this is among the most remarkable achievements of the artistic patronage that is one of the B.B.C.'s main functions. 'The Chiltern Mass' had been published, as the first instalment of a novel in three parts, in 1928. After it was successfully broadcast in 1951 the B.B.C. commissioned Lewis to write the sequel. The satiric lightning of 'Gulliver' and 'Erewhon', the apocalyptic thunder of Dante's Inferno, Milton's Lucifer, and Goethe's Faust were blasted from the blitz to Belsen in the caustic crucible of Wyndham Lewis' sadistically splendid imagination. Radio set his frenzied fancy free to forge fallen angels a mile-and-a-quarter high, like Galileo's, and engage them in titanic aerial combats and infernal air-raids, in which gigantic flying dragons are shot down.

Faults, like the angels, stand out a mile. Inevitably the narrator has to be over-worked. The cosmic scene shifts but the characters are as fixed as Punch puppets and, in the long run, this is hard on the actors. Donald Wolfit's beelzebubbling Bailiff cacklingly contrives to keep the home fires burning, but his awful master Sammael fails to fulfil his first fiendishness. The plot implausibly requires him to take Pullman as his coach, and the cross-breeding of Lucifer's legions with the women who will bring forth Hell on earth is going great guns until God literally puts his foot down on the antics of this anthropoidal ant. The original broadcast of 'The Human Age' was followed by readings from Dante's 'Paradiso', which unpleasantly underlines the point that what we are adept at nowadays is not finding out new heaven, new earth, but only new hell.

Long sequences of the trilogy made me think of Cecil B. de Mille, really letting himself go on Kafka with a cast of thousands. The set-



Scene from the first instalment of 'Villette', by Charlotte Brontë, on July 17: (left to right) Michael Warre as Professor Paul Emmanuel, Jill Bennett as Lucy Snowe, and Marda Vanne as Madame Hélène Beck

pieces were shattering. Not since I stood on the overhead galleries of the vast and deafening stamping-shed of Ford's factory in Detroit have I been so terrified by sound as I was by Mr. Bridson's latter-day inferno; and the aerial battle of the giants beggared description. Alexandra David-Neel somewhere speaks of sitting silent in a Tibetan temple where a priest blew a strange menacing note on a bizarre musical instrument, which sent two of her servants screaming into the daylight. She had seen nothing, they had seen a monstrous dragon emerge from the mouth of the instrument. Afterwards, when she enquired how this effect was obtained, the lamas would only tell her that the priest in question was a Master of Sound. I suggest the B.B.C. might confer a similar title on Mr. Bridson for his appalling production of 'The Human Age'. Its effect on susceptible savages like myself is remarkably like that Tibetan trumpet; but I didn't run away.

Wyndham Lewis claimed, with justification, to be a 'bourgeois-baiter'. Pirandello has been accused by a warm admirer of 'snarling his contempt for human society' in 'Man, Beast, and Virtue' (Third, Sunday). The Man, like the human hero of Lewis' trilogy, is a schoolmaster, and like Lewis' Bailiff he is little more than a grotesque puppet. He is acting second mate to a heroine whose beastly husband, a captain all at sea, must be brought to hymeneal harbour if the cargo below her hatches is to pass the conventional customs as his. Val Gielgud's resolutely ribald production could not conceal the curdled combination of Ibsenite moral unmasking and old Aldwychery. Sour smiles only were solicited. It is healthy but an acquired taste, like yoghurt.

I gather that 'A Private Volcano', Lance Sieveking's adaptation of his own novel, produced by Donald McWhinnie in the Home Service on Saturday, threw out some red-hot shrapnel, too. You might think that a volcanic treasure island which coughs up the Philosopher's Stone, used by an idealist to stop World War III by turning all the armaments and H-bombs into ingots in the Old Nick of time, would have a warm welcome from humanity. But to a globe of golden-calf lovers it means 'world-wide slump, confusion, famine, disorder, looting, epidemics' and only a few survivors of all that 'frightful misery, pain, hunger, fear, chaos, and despair'. After thinking that one over I went to 'As You Like It' at Stratford instead, to 'fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world'. I felt I had had enough corrosive comedy for one week.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Learning to Live

I GOT CONSIDERABLE PLEASURE last week out of listening to several regular features which I do not always hear. 'The Critics' were in good form and discoursed on an exhibition at the Brighton Pavilion, on the Moscow Variety Theatre, and on L. P. Hartley's new novel in accents representative of urbanity, cockiness, and common sense. In 'At Home and Abroad' Donald McLachlan, the ideal interviewer, successfully extracted Dr. Charles Hill's views on the projected expansion of the overseas information services, and Paul Barreau, heavily sceptical of the increase in Post Office charges, appeared to be well answered by Mr. Ernest Marples. On Friday two of the Critics turned up again in 'These Foolish Things', an offering which provides a proportion of entertainment but which carries some sense of strain. The performers were more successful with reminiscences inspired by the chimes of Big Ben and by a sneeze than by the record of a

Spanish flamenco singer. It is a programme with diverting and even moving moments which hovers continually on the brink of silliness.

The regular broadcaster—providing week by week the bulk of the material broadcast as 'The Spoken Word'—nevertheless seems to me, at his best, to be worthy of admiration. He has come usefully to terms with the twentieth century. From his sound-proof studio, with its green light and glasses of water, he projects a suggestion of confidence and efficiency which, however misleading, is vaguely reassuring. Captain H. R. A. Streather, in the Home Service on Sunday night, had a relevant theme 'The Will to Live', but, alas, he is not a professional broadcaster, and he began his talk at a nervous speed that was almost as exhausting to the listener as his own experiences on the slopes of K.2 had been to him. Fortunately he slackened his pace and got himself off the tragic mountain with dignity.

There were other lessons in adaptability during the week, and some interesting examples of how America teaches the art of living. Jack Longland, talking with authority on 'The American Way of School Life' on Monday, declared that the United States is determined that every child shall have the right and opportunity to go to the top; that more than 70 out of 100 American children now have twelve years of continuous schooling; that virtually no trace exists of the division in England between national and independent schools; and that American school buildings and equipment are much better than ours. I have some sympathy with the American belief, reported by Mr. Longland, that it is best to mix the brainy ones with the less brainy, and dangerous to build an intellectual élite. But certainly an intellectual élite was needed to understand Le Corbusier and Moholy-Nagy and to follow Mr. John Summerson's patient analysis of 'The Case for a Theory of Modern Architecture' in the Third on Sunday. For the modern architect, 'the source of unity', thought Mr. Summerson, is no longer to be found in antiquity but in 'the architect's social programme'; and yet the front of the Festival Hall still seems to me a cold alternative to Wotton's 'Commodity, Firmness and Delight'.

Dr. Harry Bakwin, an American children's doctor, added some common-sense advice about babies in the Home Service on Tuesday—they need to be 'fondled', and to have the guidance of a parent or of someone *in loco parentis*. Sir Norman Birkett confirmed these (hardly original) conclusions in 'Frankly Speaking' on Wednesday, which for me was the most interesting programme of the week. Although the great purpose of education is to foster application and to nourish character, a child can obviously help by choosing his parents carefully. Sir Norman owed much to his Wesleyan Liberal father, the Mayor of Ulverston in Furness, who stimulated his love of words, his remarkable memory, his early propensities as a lay-preacher, his aptitude for hard work. There was a time when these 'Frankly Speaking' interviews were conducted with a crisp hostility akin to 'brain washing'. It was not so with Sir Norman Birkett; this experienced cross-examiner dominated the proceedings from the witness-box.

The Light Programme on Tuesday and the Home Service on Thursday discussed whether the end-product of education should be allowed to smoke. I gathered from the informative session conducted by Dr. A. R. Michaelis on Thursday that there is not much harm in a pipe (a time may come when approved cheap pipes will be available through the Health Service). Certainly a pipe soothed the listener who heard an impression of life on a deep-sea trawler, 'As the Sea Chooses', in the Home

Service later that night. This programme was punctuated by howling winds, by the guffaws of fishermen, and by sundry clankings and bangings which might equally well have represented the shunting of cattle-trucks. The trawler apparently carried a small orchestra to provide incidental music. Mr. Robert Cradock's spoken descriptions were evocative, when he had the chance to deliver them, but I felt there were too many dull noises in this documentary. Realism must still be selective.

DEREK HUDSON

MUSIC

News from Cheltenham

THE FESTIVAL of British Contemporary Music, the thirteenth of the series, has definitely moved out of the doldrums in which two years ago it seemed to be becalmed. All the new works chosen by the advisory panel were worth their place in the programme, and they included two new symphonies of considerable distinction. There was a healthy public interest, too, in the Festival, as large audiences and an unusual number of broadcasts proved.

Of the two new symphonies Robert Simpson's was the more expertly constructed. As in his First Symphony, he builds on a secure tonal scaffolding, and fills out the design with material strong enough to support the upward thrust of his arch-like patterns. Like most contemporary architects, he seems to have little use for incidental ornament. The grand curves of the whole are his chief concern. He is eminently successful, because his themes, though not in themselves particularly striking, are of the kind on which a sustained argument can be developed. It is in his power of thinking in long musical periods, carrying his thought in a grand sweep up to a central climax, that the composer's strength lies. There is little feeling for the sensuous beauty either of harmony or melody, for its own sake. Nor is there any relieving touch of humour in this symphony, from which the conventional scherzo is significantly omitted.

Yet austere and somewhat grim though it is, Simpson's Second Symphony is neither pessimistic nor ill-tempered. It is eminently serious, and for that we may be grateful in a world of angry young men and frivolous entertainment. And though he does not appear to aim at what we recognise as 'the beautiful', he does attain it in the central section of his slow movement, a serene passage mainly for strings placed between two wild climaxes that seem to be derived from the tearing ostinatos of Carl Nielsen.

Curiously enough it is also a passage for strings, more passionate and tense, that is the most striking feature of the slow movement in Arthur Butterworth's First Symphony, which was played at the final concert of the Festival on Friday. Butterworth, who is thirty-four years old, is a member of the Hallé Orchestra. Like Simpson, he also constructs his first movement on the principal of the arch, but uses for this purpose the device of repeating the first part backwards after the central point is reached. This rather arbitrary device is not as strictly applied as it was by the old Netherlandish polyphonists and, more recently, by Schoenberg and his followers, for the simple reason that harmony that moves forward intelligently becomes nonsensical if reversed as in a mirror. This movement seemed to me the least successful of the four, not on account of this structural device, which is neither more nor less valid than any other, but because the composer has not been able to keep the thread of his argument ostensibly intact.

Butterworth, writing from inside the orchestra as it were, does not neglect the use of colour and applies it effectively throughout. His sym-

phony is less drab than Simpson's, though hardly less serious. It is also more obviously dramatic in character, despite the contemplative passages in the second movement. The third, 'virtually a Minuet and Trio' as the programme-note said, provides an elegant contrast, rather in the style of Mahler's dancing Ländler! The symphony then ends in a raging gale of sound that is, perhaps, the most original invention in the work, for all that the stepping up of the harmony through the twelve degrees of the chromatic scale has been used before. Some derivations from Sibelius notwithstanding—there is a near quotation from his Second Symphony in the slow movement—Butterworth

has an individual tone of voice and powers of musical construction that, coupled with his orchestral mastery, make him one of the most promising new composers who has appeared for some time.

John Gardner's Pianoforte Concerto, in which Cyril Preedy was the soloist, has the merit that its main themes, especially that of the slow movement, are genuinely pianistic. Unfortunately Gardner does not seem to have considered what the relation of solo to orchestra should be. In the first movement he keeps everything going full tilt all the time, with the result that there is neither the contrast of opposing forces nor any clarity of texture. A workmanlike

and lyrical Clarinet Concerto by Arnold Cooke, which was played at the first concert of the Festival by Gervase de Peyer with the Goldsborough Orchestra and broadcast in the Home Service, and John Addison's delightful Serenade for wind instruments and harp played by the Virtuoso Chamber Ensemble, were more completely successful, if less ambitious, novelties.

The Halle Orchestra, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli, served the composers of the major works faithfully and gave some fine performances of classical symphonies, notably of Mendelssohn's 'Italian', for the benefit of the local audience—and of listeners at home.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Unpredictable Walton

By MARTIN COOPER

'Belshazzar's Feast' and the Viola Concerto will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, July 31 (Home). Walton is also the Home Service 'Composer of the Week' at 9.45 a.m., July 29-August 3

IF Walton has often played a controversial part in the musical world, at first as a bright young thing and now as an elder statesman, it has been on account of his character rather than his vocabulary. The 'man himself' may be revealed in an artist's style, but style is a manner of using a language and should not be confused with the language itself. Every artist inherits both an idiom and a temperament, and though he may consciously reject the one he can never escape from the other.

Walton's temperament is sanguine. He is not by nature an explorer, either of the depths of the human heart or the 'new paths' of his own art, but an enjoyer and a commentator whose charm lies in his wit, his vitality, and a very characteristically English vein of poetic melancholy which he instinctively underplays. All these qualities were as clear in the 'Façade' of 1928 as in this year's Cello Concerto. Naturally the proportions of the ingredients in a composer's character vary from work to work and, more noticeably still, from youth to age—'no one loves an old monkey', as George Moore's Abelard sadly observed—but the ingredients themselves do not change.

'Façade' won Walton his reputation as an *enfant terrible*; but this admirable combination of Edith Sitwell's irreverent poems with Parisian musical sophistication produced a work more typical of its date—it should be remembered that even Dr. Vaughan Williams was composing his frivolous opera 'The Poisoned Kiss' in 1927-8—than of its composer. 'Portsmouth Point', the Sinfonia Concertante and the Viola Concerto, which all date from the years between 1925-9, are far more personal and already reveal the character which we find in Walton's later works. A *péché de jeunesse*, a single field of wild oats whose flavour still remains unique—that is 'Façade'; and we should be grateful for it without asking for a repetition.

The Viola Concerto might pass for an unusually serious work even if the composer were not a young man who had made his name by a firework display. Through the Concerto's three movements we can trace the double personality of the solo instrument—the meditative, gentle-voiced dreamer of tradition and the public speaker, whose newly discovered range of tone and power of attack make it possible to hold his own with, if not to dominate, the orchestra.

The first movement *andante comodo* has long, flowing phrases and rocking 9/8 rhythm alternating with more sharply accented and fragmentary melodic material. For those who prefer the viola in its traditional role there is nothing more beautiful than the coda of this opening movement, where the soloist embroiders the

wood-winds' recapitulation of the first subject—an effect which the composer recaptured almost thirty years later in his Cello Concerto. The second movement, a scherzo, shows the viola in a skittish mood, pirouetting and curveting, making mordant comments and generally exercising its newly discovered faculty for incisive, strongly accented phrases. The breeziness of the music and the frequent syncopation recall the earlier 'Portsmouth Point', and there are jazz echoes which were a novelty in serious music thirty years ago. The finale (*allegro moderato*) opens in a way that suggests another, pawkier scherzo, but the introduction of a triplet figure and a theme in which the sixths of the opening movement are recalled soon change its character. This is the large-scale movement of the Concerto, more heavily orchestrated than the others and with imitation and augmentation of themes whose rather spare, unpromising contours are thereby given greater interest. The return of material from the first movement in the coda—where the soloist casts his mind back, half regretfully, over the past—gives the work a superficially cyclic character but really serves chiefly to show the viola in its most rewarding light.

In the same year as he finished the Viola Concerto Walton started work on his oratorio 'Belshazzar's Feast', the text of which was prepared by Osbert Sitwell from the Old Testament. Oratorio, which was enjoying a revival on the Continent under Stravinsky's influence, had hitherto been regarded in England as an apanage of the older composers who had grown up under the shadow (if not at the feet) of Sir Hubert Parry and Sir Charles Stanford. The idea of the composer of 'Façade' metamorphosed into a Three Choirs Festival composer was piquant—and mistaken. For nothing could be more unlike the mid- or late-Victorian biblical oratorio than 'Belshazzar's Feast'. The captive Hebrews are here represented as an oriental tribe no less savage than their captors. In his setting of Psalm 137 ('By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept') Walton does not balk at the cry for vengeance and gives full dramatic expression to 'Happy shall he be that taketh thy children and dasheth them against a stone'. The barbarity of the feast itself and the character of the Babylonian gods are vividly expressed in glittering music which stands nearer to Rimsky-Korsakov than to Parry, and the Hebrew chorus of rejoicing over Belshazzar's death has the character of an orgiastic ritual dance. With 'Belshazzar's Feast' Walton not only conquered a new public. He set a new standard of dramatic writing for choral music in this country and went far towards abolishing the artificial dis-

tinction between 'sacred' and 'secular' music.

In the Symphony Walton finally established his attitude to the various 'schools' of musical thought which have flourished on mutual contempt for the past forty years. His position was characteristically English in being a compromise based on intellectual sympathy with the left and emotional attraction to the right. Hitherto tonality had been unmistakable in his music, even if often difficult to follow from bar to bar, and his taste was always for diatonic discords rather than chromaticism. In the Symphony he adopted unambiguously the practice of using 'tonal centres', or fields of tonality, rather than simple keys. This practice and a good deal of the melodic and rhythmic material of the symphony reveal the influence of Sibelius, the most important foreign influence in most of the English music of the 'thirties. Walton's delight in long sustained tension and harmonic clashes is more marked in this than in any other of his works and contributes greatly to the excitement generated by the music. The Violin Concerto of 1939, dedicated to Heifetz, is the first of three works written for great virtuosos, the other two being the Violin Sonata (1949) dedicated to the two sisters who are the wives of Yehudi Menuhin and Louis Kentner, and the Cello Concerto (1956) dedicated to Piatigorsky.

In all of these the lyrical element is strong, decoration plays a large part, and there is a notable retreat from the more acid harmonies and deliberately sustained tensions of the earlier works. In fact Walton reached middle age as a composer unusually early, and as often happens in such cases his middle age has been unusually lively and prolonged; so that at fifty-five his music seems very little if at all more elderly than at thirty-seven. The large work of this last period has been the opera 'Troilus and Cressida' (1954), to a libretto by Christopher Hassall based on Chaucer. The extraordinary ease with which he mastered the novel and always difficult form of the opera astonished even those who were disappointed by the work's frankly traditional character.

Walton's affinities with the older generation have been shown not only here but in his patriotic or ceremonial music—Coronation Marches and 'Te Deum', and the 'Spitfire' Prelude and Fugue—which have given him in his generation a place comparable with that once occupied by Elgar. In fact his unpredictability has made him as characteristically English as our climate which, however, he prefers to avoid by living most of the year in Italy. We can look forward to twenty more years of his creative activity, but he would be a bold man who could foretell what they will bring from Walton's pen.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

USING UP SOUR MILK

DURING THE RECENT spell of hot weather many listeners wrote to ask how to use milk that has gone sour. Sour milk is beneficial to most people, as it helps in the process of digestion. My first recipe for its use is cottage cheese, and for this you will want about one pint of sour milk—or whatever quantity you happen to have. Put the milk in a double saucepan or place a saucepan in a larger pan containing water, and heat it until the milk becomes lukewarm, i.e., just hot to the little finger. The mixture appears to curdle and thicken when it reaches the right temperature.

Remove it from the heat and let it stand in a warm place for a few minutes for the curd to collect together. Then strain through muslin: tie up the ends of the muslin and hang it up over a basin until all the whey has drained off. You can leave it overnight. Add salt to taste, and, if you like, add a little cream from the top of the milk to moisten the curd. This gives a good consistency. For variety in flavour you can add any one of the following: half a teaspoon of grated onion or a saltspoon of onion salt; one teaspoon of finely chopped onion tops, or chopped chives; or a pinch of caraway seeds; or a tablespoon of mayonnaise, or a dessertspoon of chopped parsley.

One of the nicest ways of using sour milk, in my opinion, is to make scones. For these you will need:

½ lb. of flour
1-2 ounces of butter or margarine
½ a teaspoon of salt
½ of a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda
sufficient sour milk to make a soft dough

Rub the fat into the flour, as for pastry. Add the salt and bicarbonate of soda. Mix lightly and very quickly with the sour milk to a soft dough. Make into an even shape, press out

lightly with the hand or roll lightly to about ½ of an inch thick. Cut out into rounds or diamond shapes. Bake in a hot oven, placing the scones on the top shelf, and cook 5 to 6 minutes. (Regulo number 10 or 450 degrees F.) When cooked, put on a tray and cover with a clean cloth, as this helps to keep them soft.

You can vary the recipe in several ways. For fruit scones you add 1 ounce of sugar and 1 ounce of currants or sultanas or raisins. Or you can make brown scones, using half wholemeal and half white flour.

DORA SETON

COD À LA PORTUGAISE

Cod fillet and steaks are of good quality just now, and I would like to give you a recipe for a Portuguese way of dealing with cod steak. You will need:

2 cod steaks
1 oz. butter or margarine
1 chopped onion—or section of garlic, if liked
2 good-sized tomatoes
chopped parsley
salt and pepper
juice of a lemon
1 teaspoon of cornflour

Place the cod steaks in a well-buttered pan, season with the salt and pepper, and cover with a lid. Cook over a gentle heat for about 15 minutes. When the fish is ready, place in a heat-proof dish in a slow oven to keep warm. Now for the sauce, and it is the sauce that really makes this a dish fit for a king. Melt the butter or margarine in a pan, and lightly fry the chopped onion, the garlic if used, and the chopped peeled tomatoes, for a few minutes, stirring them about with your wooden spoon. Add half a teacup of water and the lemon juice, the parsley and a little salt and pepper, and

stir till thick and cooked. Stir in the cornflour, blended with a little water, and cook for a few minutes more, then pour over the fish.

MOLLY WEIR

EGGS IN A NEST

Allow one egg for each person. Separate the egg, keeping the yolk intact, beat the white until it comes away from the sides of the bowl, add salt and pepper. Place the beaten white in a buttered baking dish, or a ramekin, carefully press a dent in the top of the mound, and slip the egg yolk into the depression, being careful not to break it. Place in a moderate oven and bake until the eggs are cooked and slightly golden on top. Serve on a hot platter, on slices of toast.

ANNE WILD

Notes on Contributors

RT. HON. VISCOUNT CHANDOS: OLIVER LYTTLETON (page 117): Member of the War Cabinet 1941-1945; Secretary of State for the Colonies 1951-1954

SVEND THORSEN (page 119): Chief of Protocol of the Danish Parliament

JACK LONGLAND (page 125): Director of Education, Derbyshire

CAPTAIN H. R. A. STREATHER (page 127): accompanied the American expedition to Karakoram in 1953

SIGURDUR NORDAL (page 129): Icelandic Ambassador to Denmark and Research Professor at the University of Iceland

PETER URE (page 133): Lecturer in English Language and Literature, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne; editor of *Seventeenth Century Prose* and *Richard II*

Crossword No. 1,417.

Tails You Win. By Pone

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 1. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final.



CLUES—ACROSS

1. A member of Uno caught in the act lying (9)
2. Jefferies' farm home (4)
3. They play the wall game too (7)
4. Gendarmes across the border (5)
5. Cite Christmas from the economist's view-point (12)
6. Such as turn the other cheek without compunction (11)
7. See 39D (5)
8. Francis' answer (3)
9. Seven bright shiners (4)
10. Greek philosopher ought less than the missing link to us (8)
11. Two, three and thirty-seven are prime factors of its number (4)
12. Wild horses could hold them? On the contrary (5)
13. One among thousands of *habitues* of the National Gallery (7)
14. Not one to leave a stone unturned (7)
15. 6D. Lover of Troy (4, 4)
16. A gift for a prince (3)
17. Anything to stop the hole being filled with foreign earth (8)
18. Talking-point (6)
19. What tools surrounding the intelligence officer with maps (6)
20. Absolutely priceless (10)
21. Endless lines of hog-deer (3)

DOWN

1. The Supreme Court is cited in this inquiry (11)
2. An example to itself (9)
3. Whence Brutus drew the murderous knife (6)

4. Good middle-class genius (5)
5. Knew the marmoset without it (3)
6. See 33A. (4)
7. Sound agreement involving seven in the possession of a valuable pearl (5)
8. Result of having the wrong operation! (6)
9. Accent unknown to a small hound fan (7)
10. Introduces a verse-variant to his cost (6)
11. It cultivates and so fills up Lord Richard's place (8)
12. For those who take custard with apple (9)
13. Trainer on the Turf (4)
14. The annual one in a hundred (7)
15. Former military formation (4)
16. Victimised by Brock (3)
17. The man for a song (5)
18. A copper furnishes the entire property (5)
19. Catchpenny? Too hot to hold (4)
20. The man for one woman (5)
21. Free of duty (4)
22. Drumless drummer (4)
23. The place for pins and needles (3)
24. One and one in 19A. (3)
25. A fish-take as it were (3)

Solution of No. 1,415

HESPER LITOTES
ORIOLEEN SNARE
PROLEGG GREASER
LORICAMADROME
INVENTO VATION
THIRST RESERVE
ETESIAN MEMORAL
YESICLE MANEGE
ABATUREENIGMA
RIGHTED REPAIR
LATERAL ALTERN
ELEVATE LORATE
TERRIER DROVER

Prizewinners: 1st prize: C. O. Butcher (Enfield); 2nd prize: Mrs. J. R. Nicol (London, S.W.1); 3rd prize: K. D. Lloyd (Slough)

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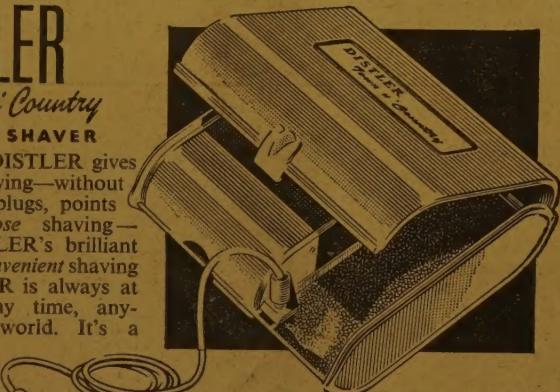
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